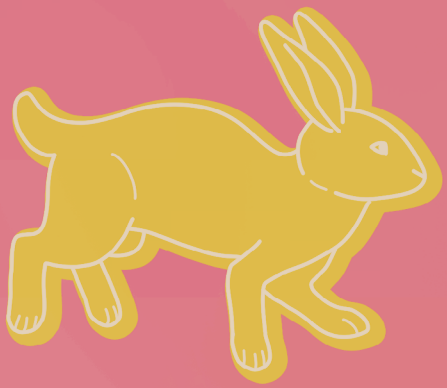

BUNNIES!

a BNHA fanfiction anthology

Bunnies!

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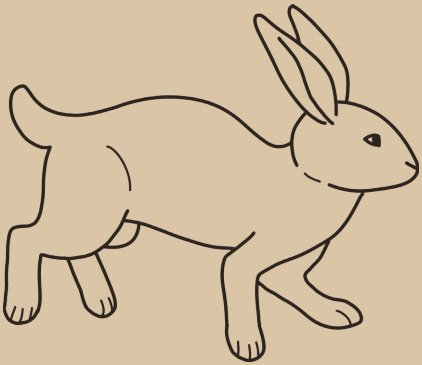

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Remember to buy the manga and support the source material!

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Foreword

by aavocado

Bunnies! is a project of passion brought to your eager hands by a talented crew of writers and artists.

Rabbits are known for several things. The first characteristic that comes to my mind is their *adorableness*. Then, there is of course, their happiness—their capacitity for love, for binkying in pure joy. There's their anxiety, their ability to get so nervous they *die*.

And don't forget how *breedable* they are.

Rabbits are wonderful, so naturally so is rabbit-themed content! Rabbit-themed content is filled to the brim with themes and ideas so wonderful that make

us binky in pure joy, that we just had to make a whole book (and merch!) about it.

My name is *aavocado*. Yep, that's with a lowercase *a*. I'm one of those people who exist to antagonize editors. (I'm also the editor, and god do I *hate* finding a way to professionally format people with lowercase names.)

I'm the head mod of *Bunnies!*—that means I'm the one who conceptualized this zine, or rather, *Bundle of Pure Joy* as I like to describe it.

The content in this book, however, wouldn't be here without the hard work and passionate creativity of our writers. Wanna check the content before diving in? Content warnings are listed at the end of this book!

I thank *Lilleeboi*, *Yurusarenai*, *Bunnyfly*, *Aravis*, *izukusbones*, *Honeygothic*, and *greyedscale* for writing fresh, delectible fanfictions for this book. They came to *Bunnies!* with visions of laughter and anxiety and hot hot sex, and with their contributions we've been able to put together a truly *bun*derful book!

I give extra thanks to *Lilleeboi* for helping me with editing my two fics for this book! I can't edit my own fics with the same objectivity I edit the others' fics, so *Lilleeboi* stepped in to help. They worked so quickly and with such talent!

Additionally, I'd like to thank our illustrator, *CarmineCranes*! Carmine drew all the art for our front cover, as well as the illustrations you'll see in our fanfictions. Her talented work is instrumental in elevating our book to a more polished and qualitied level!

Without her, our cover would look like this:

My art is . . . Well, it's something. I don't have words for it. (I do have words for it, but they aren't very nice.) I'm infinitely thankful for Carmine's reinterpretation of my sketches.

While I'm thanking people, I'd like to thank our merch artists. If you bought this book directly from the *Bunnies!* shop, it will have come with a shiny double-sided Aoyama bookmark drawn by *Lethallin*! Aoyama

loves to be touched, so be sure to squish him between these pages to help mark your spot in the story!

If you bought this book as a part of a larger bundle, you will have recieved other items of merch as well. I'd like to thank *Lethallin*, *dekuwus*, *Dragonpunk15*, *J3llybug* and *CarmineCranes* for creating such adorable-slash-sexy bunnies! I hope their designs bring you as much joy as they bring me.

I'd like to thank our entire team of writers and artists for contributing their personal bunature (bunny-signature) for use on our extra blank pages at the end of the book. Try to guess who drew each one!

Last, I'd like to thank *greyedscale* (my beloved comrade-in-lowercase-arms) for not only writing two pieces of sexy bunny smut, but for managing physical production and distribution of this book and our accompanying merch. This ficbook is in your hands due to grey's tender packaging.

Each of us has pumped love and sweat and passion and a bit of pee into *Bunnies!*, and we're so delighted to finally be able to share it with you!

Don't forget to check out our audiobook! If you purchased *Bunnies!* directly from us, you'll have been emailed a digital bundle that includes a complete audio-

book recorded and edited by me. While listening, you might ask yourself, “Was she getting off while recording these?” to which the answer is . . . yes. (How else am I to do the sexy voices?)

Feel free to email us if you’re missing your digital bundle: bunniesbnha@gmail.com

I won’t ask your attention for any longer. I know you’re here to read bunny fanfiction, and I’m glad to oblige.

We hope you love the stories we’ve made for you!

Luck

by izukusbones

It was around the time that they moved into their first real home when Izuku voiced his very first complaint in their relationship. His exact wording was, “Our house is so empty with just the two of us. Don’t you feel like something is missing, Kacchan?”—whatever the fuck that meant.

And, of course, the dork said it right before going on an away mission for three weeks. So Katsuki was just left there, trying to figure out what Izuku meant. It didn’t even matter if he was too prideful to ask for help; this was one of those top secret operations, so he

couldn't contact Izuku anyway. All he could do was just sit there and stew in those words.

Was he not attentive? He made personal bentos every day, treated Izuku to prolific and incredible sex, refused to let him leave for work without a goodbye kiss—how was that not attentive enough? Was he *overly* attentive?

No. If Katsuki was overly attentive, Izuku wouldn't have used the word *missing*. In that case, he should be looking at what they're lacking, which shouldn't be much. They had everything that most couples at this stage of a relationship would ever want. Take Shitty Hair, for example. Eijirou and Mina had been dating for about the same amount of time as them, getting together during their second year at UA. They shared a bed, lived together, the whole shabang, just like Katsuki and Izuku did. The only difference between them was that Eijirou and Mina had a kid and—

Wait . . . Is that what Izuku meant? Did he want a brat?

It took Katsuki an entire week to come to that potential solution, and he proceeded to spend the second week in complete denial.

There was no way someone as responsible as Izuku

would believe that they were ready for a baby. They'd only just moved in together. Plus they were in the height of their hero careers. A child would definitely put their rankings in jeopardy. They'd have to take so much time off because there was no way Katsuki would let himself be a piss poor absent parent. Not to mention the danger they would be in constantly. Plenty of villains want to kidnap a hero's kid. Yeah, they didn't have a lot going for them in the kid department.

But then Katsuki took a closer look at the situation. They'd been together for over five years. Their house plants wanted for nothing and they were the go-to baby sitters for their friends. There were plenty of top-tier heroes with children too, and not just their coworkers. And it wasn't like they were incapable of keeping a kid safe either. They were pro heroes for fuck's sake.

Even so, Katsuki knew he just wasn't ready for a kid. He knew that Izuku wouldn't be upset with him for being honest, but he was still sweating buckets as he watched Izuku's plane taxi down the runway. All he could do was wipe the excess on his pants so he wouldn't cause any explosions.

Katsuki expected that he would be the one to bring up the topic first, but to his surprise, Izuku had

barely pulled back from their reunion kiss before *he* mentioned it.

"So, what did you think about my idea?" Izuku grinned expectantly.

"I thought about what you said,"—Katsuki's tone was serious, wanting to convey his understanding—"and some day, I'd like to have a bunch of fuckin' brats with you, but I'm not ready for that right now."

Izuku blinked once, twice, three times. Then, he buried his face into Kacchan's neck and began to laugh.

"Oi!" Katsuki growled, though he didn't shove Izuku away. "What's funny?"

"A kid?" Izuku managed through his giggles. "You thought I meant a kid? I was talking about getting a pet!"

Oh. Well, that made a lot more sense.

The decision to adopt a pair of rabbits had been a pretty easy one, and by easy Katsuki meant that Izuku flashed his puppy dog eyes and Katsuki's resolve crumbled. Personally, he'd always wanted a dog, but a bunny seemed pretty cool too. He liked the idea of setting up a

bunny room where they could roam and romp, plus he could break out his woodworking skills to make a nice hutch for them. It was a good thing they hadn't treated the lawn yet with pesticides, so their rabbits could graze freely outdoors on nice days. Everything just seemed to fall into place. It was almost suspiciously easy.

And then Izuku dropped a new bomb on him.

"We'll need to have our home inspected," Izuku informed him after they'd submitted their application to their rescue of choice, "and also take a pet care course. If we pass then we'll be permitted to adopt."

"Wait, so there's a chance we could flunk out of Bunny 101?" Katsuki asked, looking up from the instruction manual to the bunny themed storage cubes he was setting up.

"Hypothetically speaking." Izuku tugged on his fingers. "But this is all just to make sure we're qualified and dedicated to caring for a pet. These bunnies have already been abandoned once."

Those words made Katsuki feel some kind of way that he *did not* like. Not that it made him uncomfortable, just *sad*. Izuku was right. As weird as it seemed to jump through so many hoops just to adopt, it made sense. Otherwise, the rescue would just be wasting resources

and the animals would be even more traumatized.

The class ended up being online modules they knocked out within a week or so. With that passed, Katsuki entered into prepping for their adoption inspection with the same vigour he brought to his hero work. Every piece of furniture that entered the bunny room (or Binky Zone as the sign Izuku bought read) was triple checked for safety. They bought a mini fridge to store fresh veggies, and an air purifier. Don't even get Katsuki started on the enclosure. It had three stories with ramps to each one. He built custom wooden cubbies to hide in, hammocks for lounging, and they had two bins of toys ready to be cycled through for maximum enrichment. Needless to say, the volunteer inspector was very impressed.

"Well, you both seem very knowledgeable and prepared," he praised, awarding them with their printed out certificate of approval. "We would be honored if you gave one of our rabbits a forever home, but unfortunately we currently only have rabbits with special needs."

"That's fine," Katsuki reassured him. He could see Izuku nodding out of the corner of his eye. "We can handle it, and we've got the resources to provide

medical care."

The volunteer pressed his lips together for a moment in thought. "If you can be at the rescue by 8 A.M. tomorrow, I think I have a good match for you."

That good match, as it turned out, was the most raggedy rabbit Katsuki had ever seen. She had a rip in her ear, a few small bald patches in her dappled coat, and only one eye. When Izuku tried to get down on her level to say hello, not even reaching out, she growled loudly.

Katsuki was immediately in love.

"This is Fuku!" A cheerful volunteer handed them a small file of her documents. "She's a little lop ear who just needs a little extra lovin'. We picked her up from a hoarding situation and have been trying to find a nice home for her ever since. I know you two are interested in adopting a pair, but we don't think that would be a good idea for her while she's still pregnant."

Izuku let out a soft squeal of excitement. "She's pregnant?"

The volunteer beamed, and Katsuki knew they'd be taking Fuku home.

Whatever Katsuki had imagined their life would be like with a rabbit had to be tossed completely out the window. Fuku wasn't exactly a cuddly gal. Quite the opposite. She warded them off with constant thumping of her back leg whenever she was so much as looked at. Hand feeding her was absolutely not an option. Unless you wanted to actually feed her your hand, that was. The first time Izuku tried to give her a treat, she clamped down on his fingers until he bled.

Izuku cried, but not from pain. He was more upset that he'd frightened her. After that, Fuku became more of an observation pet. That was probably for the best anyway. She was pregnant after all, a vulnerable condition for any creature to be in, let alone a bunny fresh from an abusive situation.

Speaking of pregnancy, as the days went by she grew bigger and bigger, making Katsuki and Izuku keenly aware of the imminent arrivals. They couldn't just call them "The Babies"; how would they differentiate them? So, a week before Fuku's due date, Izuku and Katsuki checked out a dozen baby name books from the library

and poured over them.

"What do you think about Haru?" Izuku said, shoving yet another baby name book into Katsuki's face. "It means spring, and—"

"I know what fucking Haru means," Katsuki grumbled, but still looked where Izuku's finger directed his gaze. "What about Hankao?"

Izuku frowned, skimming over the entry briefly. "It's cute, I guess, but I like the idea of giving the babies shorter names."

"Hankao is short if you ask me." Katsuki huffed, but moved on quickly. "What about Jazu?"

"Jazu?" Izuku laughed. "You want to name a baby rabbit after jazz music? I don't think they'd be very adoptable with a name like that."

"I dunno," Katsuki shrugged. "I think Lord Explosion Murder would be a great name for a rabbit. What do you think, fluffy butt?"

Fuku merely eyed them owlishly from her hay rack as she munched away. She did a lot of that, both staring and eating. She wasn't very interested in the furnishings Katsuki had made or any of the toys, spending most of her time either eating or sleeping. Izuku rambled about wanting to take her to the vet since they hadn't seen her binky yet, but Katsuki talked him out of it. If he were in his third trimester, he wouldn't be very eager to play with strange objects either. Besides, they didn't mind having an observation pet, even if she wasn't . . . conventionally adorable.

"We are absolutely not naming one Lord Explosion Murder." Izuku snorted, shutting the book. "That's a hill I'm not afraid to die on, Kacchan."

"What about King Explosion Murder?" Katsuki suggested. "C'mon, it's a badass name!"

As if to veto the suggestion herself, Fuku thumped her foot in displeasure. And so, Lord Explosion Murder and all its variants were struck from the potential pool of names.

In the end, they were left with a short list of five names, mostly gender neutral. It didn't seem right to gender baby bunnies. Besides, these would most likely be placeholder names until they were adopted by their forever families. Plus, they wanted the names to mean something. After all, Fuku meant *luck*, and it was perfect for a bunny like Fuku, who must have the best luck in the universe to still be kicking with her one eye, balding, and ripped ear.

The balding was especially an issue when Fuku began trying to line her nest with her own fur. Her dewlap wasn't providing enough fluff, so they had to find alternative methods to help keep the nest cozy for the soon to arrive babies. Fortunately, the vet was able to provide them with bunny fluff leftover from grooming, and soon Fuku's nest was prepared for its new occupants.

"Oi, get your head out of there!" Katsuki scolded when he caught Izuku peeking into the nest box for the dozenth time that day.

"I'm sorry, Kacchan!" Izuku quickly reset the top to the box. "I'm just so excited."

"You won't be excited when that beast rips your head off," Katsuki grumbled. "Just let her be. I assure you, she can do a much better job giving birth than you can."

Izuku pouted a little, but didn't try to open up the nesting box again. He did, however, try to peer in through the bars of the cage, causing Fuku to thump in protest. Katsuki couldn't say he blamed her. Must be unsettling to have someone trying to watch your cunt like that. Katsuki ended up having to all but lock Izuku out of the bunny room.

It was all worth it just a few hours later, when they spotted her outside the nesting box and munching hungrily on her hay.

"Kacchan!" Izuku squealed, gripping Katsuki's arm and bouncing up and down like an excited kid. "Can we look now?"

"Yeah," Katsuki grunted, peeling Izuku off of him. He was just as excited as the nerd, but he didn't want to freak the new mom out anymore than she must already be. "C'mon, let's make sure everyone is okay. Go get some bananas for her, yeah?"

Izuku giggled, slipping away from Katsuki. "Kac-

chan is a softie, giving her something sweet."

Katsuki scowled, but spoke with no malice in his voice. "Tch, if you'd just pushed five or so bodies out of your vagina you'd want something sugary too. Now go get some 'nanas."

Izuku bounded to the kitchen, giving Katsuki a moment to breathe. This was . . . a lot more nerve-wracking than he thought it would be. He'd spoken with the vet quite a lot the past few days, discussing what to look for and when to seek medical help. Even though they'd had Fuku for less than a month, he desperately wanted her litter to be happy and healthy. They didn't know much about her situation, but it must've been pretty shitty for her to end up the way she did. Not that it mattered any to him. He loved his grumpy bunny butt.

"Let's take a peek," he mumbled, lifting the nest box from the cage. He wasn't sure who he was talking to, Fuku or himself.

He sat down on the ground and took the top off the nesting box. His heart felt like it was going to take off as he reached inside and parted the blanket of fluff.

The sight inside took his breath away.

They were various shades of pink, grey, and black. Most were dappled, like their mother, and all were

squirming and squeaking in their nest. Fuku simply watched from her hay rack, munching away as Katsuki peered at her babies. She seemed completely unbothered that one of the big, hairless giants was manhandling her litter. Thankful that he didn't seem to be stressing her out, Katsuki began to examine each baby, just as the vet had instructed him to.

Just as he finished photographing the third baby, Izuku returned with a few pieces of banana. For the first time since Katsuki had opened the door, Fuku moved, lifting her head up as she scented her favourite treats in the air. Izuku, however, was more enraptured by the movement in the nest box.

"Kacchan!" he whined, scrambling down to his knees to get a better look. "You got them out without me? So rude!"

"Oi, get off me!" Katsuki growled, elbowing him gently. Izuku obliged, though muttering his dissatisfaction at such rough treatment. After a loud huff, Katsuki explained. "I didn't want you to get overexcited and freak Fuku out, so I decided to start looking over the babies without you until I knew she would be okay, but she seems fine."

Fuku thumped at his words, glaring at Izuku.

"Well, mostly fine." Katsuki couldn't help but snort. "I think you should give her the banana."

"And then I can hold the babies?" Izuku asked, completely in awe. "How many are there? Can you tell the genders yet? Ooh! Look at all the spots on that one!"

Fuku thumped again, louder this time. Izuku was quick to get up again and slip the banana into her bowl through a small door in the bars. For once, Fuku waited patiently instead of trying to attack his fingers.

"You think she'll like being a mom?" Izuku asked as he settled down next to Katsuki again. "She seems calm for once."

"Hm," Katsuki gently transferred a wiggling baby into Izuku's hands, "I dunno, I think she's just glad to have the damn brats out of her. I'm counting nine here."

"Nine?!" Izuku squeaked in surprise. "That's nearly twice the number of names we have!"

Katsuki laughed, unable to stop himself from kissing Izuku on the cheek. Their family of three had just become a family of twelve, and he couldn't be happier.

All of Fuku's babies found loving homes in record time.

They were gorgeous lop ears, just like their mother. Unlike their mother, however, they were very friendly, practically begging for pets and treats.

Fuku would never be that affectionate, but she slowly began to warm up to Izuku and Katsuki's presence. Within a year, she would jump into their laps for some attention from time to time, but would leave as soon as she'd had her fill. And that was okay. They were just lucky to have her.

A Bun and His Son Go to the Theme Park

by aavocado

"How old's the little tyke?" the lady asks.

Kiiro's cheeks puff up. He smiles and raises four fingers. "I'm four!"

"Oh boy, that's a fun age! Has your quirk come in yet?"

Daddy ruffles Kiiro's hair and chuckles. "Not yet! Should come in soon, though!"

"You know," the lady says, "You really look like Chargebolt."

Daddy laughs. "Yeah, I get that a lot."

Ugh. People always say that. Kiiro hates having a

famous dad. One time they were having Deku Burgers for lunch and some adults came over and talked to him for, like, an hour.

Then Daddy's hands clutch around Kiiro's ribs and lift him up. Kiiro squees.

"Can you hold out your wrist for the nice lady?" Daddy asks.

Kiiro bobs his head. "Yeah!" He sticks out his hand.

The lady slinks a blue paper bracelet around Kiiro's wrist and sticks the ends together like a sticker.

"This is your ticket!" she explains. "You need to keep it on to be in the park! I hope you have a great time in Hero City!"

"Hero City!" Kiiro cheers.

"Thank you so much!" Daddy says. Then he carries Kiiro up and plops him on his shoulders.

Kiiro grins. In the distance he can see Hero Coasters! And there's lots of people hopping around the sidewalk with drinks and snacks! Kiiro can't wait to have a Deku Burger.

"Alrighty, kiddo!" Daddy places his hands securely on Kiiro's thighs as he starts walking.

Kiiro oohs and ahhs at the rides and attractions. There's a big spinning mushroom, a jumping castle, and

a merry-go-round!

"Which ride do you wanna go on first?"

"That one!" Kiiro points at the merry-go-round. Animal versions of a bunch of pro heroes bounce around to music. They have Deku, Turtleneck, and even Present Mic! Present Mic is an older hero, and a lot of Kiiro's friends don't know about him. But Kiiro and his dad *love* listening to his radio station!

Daddy balks. "Are you sure?"

"Yes."

Daddy chuckles. "Alright, kiddo."

They saunter over to the merry-go-round, and Kiiro bounces on Daddy's shoulders. "Giddy-up, Daddy!"

Daddy neighs and trots faster to join the line for the merry-go-round.

Kiiro presses his fingers against Daddy's baseball hat. The picture on the front is his dad's rabbit form. Daddy's quirk turns him into a bunny! Kiiro wonders if his quirk will be like that too.

The merry-go-round comes to a stop, and an attendant opens the way. Kids scamper off their heroes and into the arms of their parents.

"Okay, kiddo, you're gonna go on soon!" Daddy says. "Do you know which hero you want to ride?"

Kiiro puts a finger to his chin. Hmmmm.

The line opens, and the kids in the front of the line run up to the merry-go-round.

"Deku!" Kiiro shouts. Deku's the *best* hero.

Daddy swings Kiiro into his arms and carries him up to the merry-go-round.

Another kid jumps onto the Deku bunny.

"Oh no!" Daddy says in a funny voice. "Looks like Deku is taken. Maybe you can go on Chargebolt?"

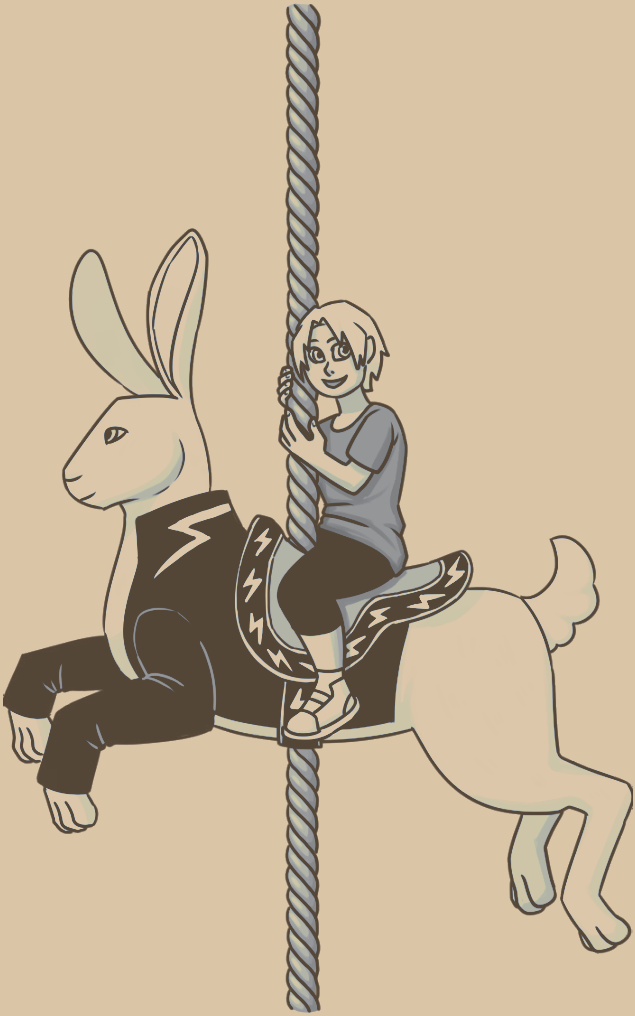
Kids flood onto the merry-go-round. Someone climbs onto Crustacean Man, and another kid gets dropped onto Great Explosion Murder God Dynamight.

Kiiro needs to choose fast. He reaches his arms out toward Chargebolt.

"Good son!" Daddy enthuses. He drops Kiiro onto the Chargebolt bunny. "Remember to hold on here."

Kiiro wraps his fingers around the handle. In real life, when Daddy turns into a bunny, he's small, like a cat. But this bunny is the size of a *horse*! His giant ears aren't fluffy at all—they're smooth and firm, like all the animal heroes on the carousel. The merry-go-round Chargebolt is even wearing *clothes*! He has no pants, but he does have a black jacket just like Daddy's Chargebolt jacket!

A Bun and His Son Go to the Theme Park



Daddy steps off the carousel. “I’ll be just over there, okay, sweetie?”

Kiiro grins. He wiggles his bum against the porcelain body of his giant father.

Music begins to chime, and Kiiro bounces again. Go-round go-round! Giant Daddy rumbles beneath him, and then the merry-go-round starts to move.

Kiiro glides up, and then down. Other kids on animal heroes fly past him. He grins over at the parent area. Where’s Daddy? . . .

Ah! Daddy lifts his arms enthusiastically toward Kiiro, and Kiiro beams!

“Look, Daddy! I’m riding you!!!!!!!”

Daddy grins back at him. Some of the other parents giggle.

The carousel spins him around the far side, and he can’t see Daddy anymore. He’s unsupervised, heehee.

But then he comes around again, and he can see Daddy’s smiling face. Daddy holds up his phone.

Kiiro strikes a pose; flares his head back and wiggles his mouth into a funny shape.

Daddy gives him a thumbs up.

The merry-go-round goes round, goes round, and Kiiro bounces as he glides up and down.

Eventually, it slows to a stop. Kiiro giggles again. He got to ride Daddy!!!!!!!!

Daddy scoops him off himself (heehee), and carries him away from the merry-go-round. “What ride do you wanna go on next?”

Kiiro puts a finger to his chin. Hmmmmmmmm. He looks at all the nearby rides. Maybe the mirror maze . . . or the train. Kiiro would love to go on the waterslide, but he isn’t allowed until his quirk comes in. Daddy thinks that because Kiiro has yellow hair, he probably has an electricity quirk just like him! Which is super cool! But really dangerous if he’s in a wet place.

Kiiro bounces. He wants to go on . . . “The Mighty train!”

“The train?” Daddy says with a raised eyebrow.

“Yes!”

“Alrighty!” Daddy lifts Kiiro onto his shoulders.

In the distance, older kids scream on the loop-de-loop of a roller coaster. That’s *too* scary. Kiiro will stay in Junior Hero Land, thank you very much.

The line for the train takes longer. Kiiro fidgets on Daddy’s shoulders.

“When is the train coming?”

Daddy clicks open his phone. “Only four more min-

utes now!"

"Four whole minutes?!"

"Four minutes will go by in a flash!" Daddy wiggles is shoulders dramatically. "It takes longer for Daddy to go to the bathroom."

Kiiro giggles. Just yesterday, Kiiro was clinging to the bathroom door, asking Daddy when he would be done so they could play football.

Grown-ups are so full of poop.

Eventually, Kiiro hears the chug chug chug of the train skittering into the station. It's painted with bright red and yellow and blue, and the front car has All Might's face on it! All Might is an old-timey hero from before Deku! He beat up the most villains in the history of Japan.

Kiiro sticks out his leggies and bounces. "The train!"

"The train!" Daddy enthuses back.

The attendant opens the barrier, and queue floods into the train.

"I wanna face BACKWARDS!" Kiiro demands.

Daddy grins. "Aye-aye, Kiiro."

Kiiro plops into the rear-facing seat, and Daddy sits in the seat opposite.

Daddy smiles. "I'm so excited to go through the Ka-

mui Woods exhibit."

"Kamui Woods?"

"He's a pro hero with a wood quirk! His body is made of wood, and he can extend the wood to trap villains and create bridges and do all sorts of cool things!"

"Wow!" Kiiro gushes. "I want a quirk like that!"

"Maybe your quirk will be like Kamui Woods's!" Daddy says. "I still think you're gonna be an electricity bunny like me." Daddy tilts his ballcap and lets a bunny ear pop out.

Kiiro giggles. "Chargebolt!"

Daddy quickly rescinds the ear and replaces his hat as more people board the train. "Ah, yeah, Charebolt sure is a cool hero. I am not Chargebolt. I am a regular civilian."

Kiiro puts a hand over his mouth and nods. "Sorry, Daddy."

"It's okay, kiddo! In a place like this, people usually assume you're just dressed up as a hero. That's why I'm wearing my Chargebolt hat!"

"Some day, I wanna be Chargebolt Jr!"

Daddy stutters, and then a grin spreads on his face. "Aw, really, Kiiro?"

"Yeah!"

Daddy reaches forward and wraps his arms around Kiiro's small form. "Oh, Kiiro!"

"Daddy, you're squishing me." Kiiro squirms.

Daddy loosens his hug. "Sorry, Kiiro. You're just so cute, and I love you so much."

Kiiro smiles and poses his hands under his chin adorably. He's a cutie!

"All aboard the Mighty Train!" comes a voice over the speaker.

Mighty Train!

"Daddy, look," Kiiro says after the train. He points a fat, little finger toward the chibi Deku bouncing down the walkway.

"Oh man, it's your second-favourite hero!" Daddy says.

Kiiro groans. "Deku's my *favourite* hero, Daddy." He grabs Daddy's hand and pulls it toward Deku. "I want to go meet him!"

"You have met him!"

"I have?"

"Uncle Izuku!"

Kiiro laughs. “No, Daddy, he doesn’t count. I want to meet the real Deku.” He gestures exaggeratedly at the chibi Deku in the walkway.

Chibi Deku poses behind a pair of children while a parent snaps a picture. Kiiro wants a picture with Deku!

“Please, Daddy,” he begs.

“Okay, kiddo. We can grab a picture after these guys are done.”

Kiiro nods, bouncing on his toes.

Deku Deku Deku!

Kiiro fidgets as they wait. The man is taking so long with his camera. Kiiro yawns.

The family finally moves on, and Kiiro bounces into their place.

Chibi Deku waves a big gloved hand at them and Kiiro beams.

Deku’s arms stretch wide.

Kiiro runs up and hugs him. “Hi, Deku!”

Deku pats him on the back.

“Kiiro!” Daddy shouts. “Pose for a picture.”

As Deku strikes a heroic pose, Kiiro grins and spins around to face Daddy with a shyer pose of his own.

Daddy’s phone clicks, and Kiiro bounces.

“Thank you!” Daddy says to Deku.

Kiiro throws his arms up. “I got to meet Deku.”

Daddy smiles. “You sure did, buddy. I’m gonna send this picture to Uncle Izuku.”

Kiiro wiggles. His tummy rumbles, and his back aches. “Daddy, I’m hungry.”

“Why don’t we go get some food?”

“I want a Deku Burger!” Kiiro demands.

“How do you ask nicely?”

Kiiro groans. “I want a Deku Burger, *please*!”

“You got it!” Daddy scoops Kiiro up again and plops him onto his shoulders.

“I want a Junior Deku Burger meal please,” Kiiro enunciates. “With no sauce on it.”

Daddy chuckles.

The lady at the stand groans. “Without the sauce it’s just a normal burger.”

Kiiro pouts. “I don’t like the sauce. It tastes funny.”

The lady rolls her eyes.

Daddy says, “It’s okay, Kiiro. We’ll get the Junior Deku Burger combo with no sauce.”

The lady scoffs as she types on her cash register.

"What do you want to drink, Kiiro?"

Kiiro pouts. He shakes his head.

Daddy ruffles his hair. "We'll get it with a Blue water. I'll get an adult Deku Burger combo with Lemon Fizz."

The lady finishes clicking. Kiiro stares at his feet.

"We're out of Deku burger wrappers, by the way," the lady says, and Kiiro screams.

Denki is having a pretty good day. He doesn't have to work; his son is absolutely precocious; he has so many fresh photographs to spam his friends with.

He *feels* it coming. The kid at Pro Burger is valid enough. Working this kinda job is exhausting.

But it's not valid for her to take it out on Kiiro.

His boy, his son, is *sobbing* now, and Denki reaches down to scoop him into a hug, when the boy . . . *disappears*. His body vanishes from his clothes. Denki fists his son's t-shirt, and it flows in the air like a loose fabric with no little boy inside it.

Kiiro's pants fall to the ground atop his shoes, and then a yellow blur scurries away. A yellow, bunnified blur.

"Kiiro, wait!" Denki shouts.

Kiiro runs through the crowd, and Denki curses.

Good thing he hasn't eaten yet.

Denki scrunches up his limbs and transforms. Yellow fur sprouts from his skin, ears grow from his head. Denki's clothes too fall around him, and he dashes after his boy.

Feet lurch into his path, and he ricochets around them.

Where's his boy? Where's Kiiro?

Denki clicks his teeth, closes his eyes, and sniffs.

Meat and sweat reek into his nostrils, and Denki tenses.

Denki breathes.

And he catches his son's scent.

Kiiro.

Denki launches into the air and zooms toward his boy. He can smell anxiety, so much anxiety, and he wails for his boy.

Paws hit the ground and leap away, over, and over, until he's jumping off a path and toward some shrubbery.

A small yellow figure lies pressed into the dirt, whimpering. His ears flatten to the back of his head,

and his leg thumps.

Oh, Kiiro.

Denki slowly steps up to his boy, and wishes he could speak in his rabbit form.

Kiiro, he would say. It's okay.

As it is, Denki smooshes up against the quivering form of his bunnified son, and breathes into his fur. So soft.

Kiiro twitches—paws at his ear.

Yeah, Denki knows. Everything's too loud.

Denki rubs his nose against Kiiro's face and then steps back. Slowly, he lets his body turn human again, naked and scrunched up on the ground.

Kiiro's leg thumps again, and Denki reaches out an arm of fatherly love, and wraps it around his bun son.

"I love you," he whispers. "Your quirk is like mine."

Kiiro shoves his face into the ground, away from Denki.

"You're safe, Kiiro. Do you think you can follow me back to our clothes?"

Kiiro shuffles against Denki's arm. That's a no. The area's too busy anyway. How's he going to? . . .

"I'm going to ask someone to get us some clothes, okay? And then we'll go home and eat whatever you

like!"

Kiiro lessens his rustling. Denki braves rubbing a finger to the side of Kiiro's cute baby bunny cheek.

"You're safe, kiddo. Do you want me to carry you?"

Kiiro lifts his adorable little bunny face, and he nods.

Denki grins. "Alrighty, kiddo."

With one hand, Denki scoops up his son, then covers his junk with the other.

His eyes dart around the area. A few people are staring. Some have their phones out. That's not good.

He walks back toward the path and grins awkwardly. "Hey," Denki says. "Would anyone be able to get me some clothes?"

He hears the telltale click of a phone camera. Denki groans. It wouldn't be the first time people have caught him naked considering his quirk, but he doesn't like bringing his son into it. Especially while Kiiro is going through a crisis.

But . . . he also knows Kiiro will absolutely cackle about being in the news later.

"Excuse me!" someone says. "Are you Chargebolt?"

"Yeah," Denki says. "Could you find me some clothes to wear? Anything. My son"—he lifts his bun son in emphasis—"just got his quirk and he's having a

bit of a panic attack? So I'd like to be able to get him home as calmly as possible."

"Of course!" the person says. "Umm . . ."

"Take this!" a man asserts, unzipping his hoodie.

The child beside him scoffs. "That's gross, Dad. You've been sweating in that all day.

Denki's about to chuckle and say it's okay (because he is so very desperate), when another person holds out a better object: a Serophane-branded pool towel.

"I just bought this," she says. "So it's not used. I hope it can help. Do you need to call anyone?"

No, Denki needs to prioritize getting Kiiro safe. He'll send someone to find his phone and wallet later.

Denki shakes his head as he grabs the towel. "Thank you!"

He squats, gently placing Kiiro on the ground.

"Gimme a second to get this on, kiddo. Then we're going home."

Kiiro's ears shift forward now, his eyes tracking side to side.

Denki dons himself in the towel and scoops his son up again.

"Thank you so much for your help!" he says. "I've gotta get my son home now, but reach out to the agency

and we can get you a replacement towel."

"Oh, it's no bother."

Ugh, Denki hates that. Doesn't know how to respond. So he doesn't. He clutches his beloved bun son to his chest and jogs away, garnering many a strange look.

Once they're in the car (unlocked with a numerical code), Denki plops his son in the back seat and starts rifling through the trunk for Kiiro's spare clothes.

He hasn't updated them in a while, so they might be a bit small, but that's better than nothing. He pulls out a dinosaur t-shirt, black sweatpants, and blue boxers.

"Alrighty, Kiiro! I got you some clothes!"

Kiiro's leg thumps against the fabric of his carseat.

"Do you think you can turn human again?"

Kiiro's eyes scrunch up, and he vibrates. Then, unchanged, he opens them again and shakes his head.

"That's okay. It's tricky to learn at first. What helps me is stretching out as long as I can." Denki holds his arms forward to demonstrate.

Kiiro steps shaky paws forward and presses into a

downward dog, with his little butt wiggling in the air. So cute!

Kiiro whimpers a bit from the strain, and then poof! The bun son has become a human once more.

"There you go, kiddo! That was great!"

Kiiro turns around and grins. "My quirk is like yours, Daddy!"

"It sure is, Kiiro! Now get your clothes on!"

"Yes, Daddy. Can we get Deku Burgers now?"

"I'll get some delivered when we get, home, okay, buddy? But it'll have to be the veggie version because of your quirk.

Kiiro's jaw drops, and Denki chuckles. "Meat can make you sick when you go bunny form, but don't worry, the veggie burger is just as delicious!"

"Is it still a Deku Burger?"

"It sure is, kiddo!"

Kiiro beams. "Deku Burger!"

Denki grins. He loves his son.

Everything Was Beautiful, and Nothing Hurt

by Bunnyfly

Upon meeting his assigned ex-hero, Tomura blurted out the first thing that popped into his head:

"Why do you have an eye patch if you're blind?"

His behavior coach sighed like she expected that. The hero didn't seem to react at all, but Tomura's sharp eyes noticed a faint upwards twitch at the corner of his mouth. Cool, maybe he wouldn't be as boring as the other retired pros.

"Come in," the man said, vaguely waving a hand in their direction before turning to walk into his house.

Ochako, the coach, followed closely behind as

Tomura hopped in.

The bunny hybrid did have enough manners to wipe his paws on the rug by the door before stepping further inside. He sniffed at the air, nose twitching as he took in the various smells. Mostly coffee, which he scrunched up his face at. Black coffee, so bitter.

Beyond the smell, the house itself looked plain. Minimal furniture, no pictures on the wall. It made sense since the hero was blind, but it would be boring for Tomura. He tried to keep his frustration hidden as he padded over to the sitting area where his assigned hero was waiting, setting his small bag of belongings on the cushion next to him.

"So, this is Tomura," Ochako prattled on. "He's a bunny hybrid in his early twenties, and entered our program after a few minor infractions. Non-violent, though I'm sure you could handle yourself just fine."

Tomura huffed in annoyance.

"As you know, every hero-pet duo gets a trial week before anything official begins. Tomura will stay here during that time, helping with anything you need. Have you prepared a room for him?" She had a tablet with a checklist to ensure that the pet she dropped off would be properly accommodated.

"Yes, it's just down the hall from mine," the hero answered. His one uncovered eye seemed to be staring right at them, making Tomura shift nervously in his seat.

"Great! It'll take a couple days for you two to get a feel for living together, but I'm sure it won't be too much of a hassle."

The cheery tone grated on Tomura's ears, and he had to fight the urge to cover them.

"So, before I leave, there are some final points to go over. Are you, Shouta Aizawa, comfortable with taking Tomura Shigaraki as a certified disability aid pet for the next week?" Ochako held a stylus over her tablet, ready to check off the box with the hero's consent.

Tomura shifted on the couch again and watched as the hero, as Aizawa, tilted his head. Could he hear every movement? That thought made the bunny stiffen up as if afraid of moving again. There was a silent moment as Ochako waited, Aizawa listened, and Tomura held his breath.

"Yes." Aizawa sounded so *confident* about it.

Tomura let out his breath in a huff, somewhere between a sigh and a scoff. He was never a fan of the Hybrid Youth Reformation Program, and felt the whole

thing was more of a parade than anything real. But he'd get chucked out onto the streets again if he spoke up against it.

Aizawa's sharp tone cut into Tomura's thoughts: "Is that a problem?"

He jerked in place as his eyes darted over to the hero. Aizawa was looking in his direction—unseeing but somehow boring into him. It was distinctly discomforting.

"Uh—no," Tomura muttered, ducking his head down in an attempt to avoid that gaze.

"Wonderful!" Just as cheery, Ochako checked off another box. "I won't be around to visit again before the trial week ends, but you can always contact me any time. Phone, email, anything."

Tomura felt like he was waiting for the punchline. Like he would be shown this was all a joke, and the months of rehabilitation and training were for nothing at all. Just another attempt to upset and disappoint him.

"So, do you have any questions for me? Either of you?" Ochako looked between both of them with her customer service smile.

"No, thank you. I'm sure we'll be fine," Aizawa answered. Whether he was aware of Tomura's discomfort

or wanted her gone just as much, the hybrid couldn't tell.

“Alright! I just need a signature from you, sir.” She stood and went over to where the hero was sitting, handing him the stylus with both hands to guide him.

He scribbled across the screen before she locked it with a pleased hum.

“Okay, everything is set! I’ll see you in a week unless I’m needed sooner.” Ochako puttered around the apartment, gathering her things and performing a final check. She peeked into the bedroom Aizawa had put together for him, even checked the fridge and cabinets for food that fit his diet.

Once she was pleased with the state of everything, she wished them a final goodbye and left. The silence of the apartment made Tomura go still and hold his breath again.

Even though he outwardly didn’t move, Tomura’s thoughts raced. Now he was alone with a hero who, despite his disability, could knock him on his ass with hardly any effort. It was like being stuck with his old gang, feeling helpless against the leader’s demands.

Would Aizawa be as cruel? Surely not; he was a hero. And heroes had to be good people. Right?

"I can practically hear you thinking," Aizawa said as he stood from his chair.

Tomura didn't dare relax, instead watching as the human shuffled over to the kitchen. He really didn't seem blind. Every movement was sure and smooth without an ounce of hesitance. Was he that aware of his surroundings, that confident of caring for himself? If so, why did he even request a pet to begin with?

"Come on, kid. I'm not gonna throw you out. You hungry?" The tone was casual, like they had already been living together for weeks or even months.

Would that be Tomura's future? He hoped so. He didn't like the program, but if it all worked out, he'd have a permanent place to live. Which was more than he could've said just a couple months ago.

"Yeah," Tomura finally mumbled. He hopped over, waiting on the threshold as if he needed permission to enter completely.

Aizawa either didn't realize or was testing him by not saying anything. Given his reputation and how he handled himself, Tomura assumed it was the latter.

"I tend to have fruits or vegetables between meals, old habits and all that. At least it keeps Yamada off my ass about staying healthy," the hero joked. Though the

only indication that it was a joke was another slight uptick at the corner of his mouth.

"I like strawberries." Why did he say that?

"Get the container out of the fridge. You know how to handle a knife?" Aizawa busied himself with chopping a cucumber, feeling along the edge to cut evenly-sliced pieces.

"Yeah." It was the same evasive answer as before, but Tomura wasn't one to give away information about himself to anyone. Like Aizawa said—old habits.

Being trusted in the kitchen with food and a knife was a surprise to Tomura. But as he took the container of berries out to rinse, he realized that Aizawa was a former hero. Of course he had faith in a complete stranger. He was so different from the people Tomura was raised by, who he ran with before begrudgingly turning to the Hybrid Youth Reformation Program. (At least Tomura still had enough self-awareness and self-preservation to realize a bad situation and get out while he could.)

The two of them cut their snacks in silence, the only sounds were the occasional thud of a knife hitting a cutting board and Tomura nibbling on his fruits. Some bunny tendencies were a bit embarrassing to him, and his nibbling was one of them. Maybe it was because the

people he lived with before always made fun of him for it. He was the only prey animal in the group. Everyone else tore into bloody meat with sharp teeth while he took little bites of fruits and vegetables.

"Do you eat meat?" Tomura asked after a few minutes of silence.

"Occasionally. It tends to be fish or white meat like chicken. I haven't eaten red meat in years. Why?" Aizawa didn't turn to face Tomura when he spoke, but the bunny supposed that made sense. It was part of his disability aid training to learn that those with vision impairments didn't make eye contact, but it still threw him off to see it in person.

"Curious." He wasn't about to say that the sight of red meat still made him nauseous.

The kitchen fell into silence again as Tomura tried to clean up. It wasn't that he was clumsy or didn't know how, but he had to figure out where all the supplies went. If Aizawa navigated his house by memory, then Tomura shouldn't move anything. Otherwise, he'd risk throwing off the man's entire routine.

The rush of water into the sink drew Aizawa's attention. The man tilted his head, a movement Tomura caught from the corner of his eye. He was used to rely-

ing on peripheral vision, to scanning as much of the area around him as he could at all times. It was both a prey instinct and a learned habit.

"Soap is under the sink, next to a sponge. You can set the dishes in the rack next to the sink to dry. Do you mind washing mine too?"

Another test. Tomura glanced behind him to assess the man's body language. He didn't look or sound aggressive or expectant. Maybe it was a kinder test, to see what sort of pet Tomura would be for him. More like a maid?

Well, washing a few dishes wasn't so bad.

"Sure. I got it." Tomura reached over for the other board and knife, being careful to not drip on the floor. With everything in the sink, he got to washing.

Even with the sounds of running water and scrubbing loud enough to cover up any footsteps, he knew Aizawa hadn't walked out yet. He felt the other's presence behind him. Was this some sort of assessment? Aizawa had said he could hear Tomura thinking before. That was a figure of speech for the most part, especially since he knew the hero didn't have any sort of mind reading quirk. Maybe he was more highly attuned to heart rates and breathing, relying on his hearing rath-

er than his sight. Tomura had encountered people like that before.

The dishes passed with both lost in thought. Tomura finally turned off the water and dried his paws as silence settled over the kitchen once more.

"So, do you have a TV?" Tomura asked.

Aizawa snorted. "Yeah, kid. I keep it on to listen to the news when I need something louder than my tablet. It helps when I'm moving around a lot. Something you wanna watch?" Without waiting for an answer, Aizawa turned and headed towards the living room.

Tomura followed, an awkward shuffle-hop sort of gait since he didn't want to make too much noise.

"The walls and floors here are pretty solid and sound-proofed, just due to some of the residents here. It's a whole building of us old retired pros. You're welcome to move however's comfortable for you," Aizawa said casually, like he wasn't solving yet another of Tomura's concerns without making a big deal about it.

How did this guy know everything Tomura was thinking? The bunny sniffed indignantly like that wasn't what he was obsessing over during the thirty-second jaunt from the kitchen to the living room.

"Here. Choose whatever." Aizawa held out a remote

that Tomura took. He regarded the various buttons. It seemed pretty basic; no shortcuts to streaming services. How annoying. His hands were a mix of human and bunny, making him a little awkward with small buttons. So he held it in both hands and aimed it at the television, flipping through channels with the intent of a toddler looking for something bright and colourful to watch.

As Tomura channel-surfed, Aizawa sunk into the same chair he was in before and set his tablet on his lap. The bunny glanced over as he stopped pressing buttons for a moment, wondering what the man would do with that device if he couldn't see the screen. But his curiosity was soon answered when Aizawa reached up to tuck a single earbud under his hair, likely leaving one ear open so he could hear if Tomura needed anything. Aizawa made a few well-placed taps before sighing and closing his eyes.

Maybe an audiobook, Tomura thought to himself. That made sense. He had seen braille books while training for this assignment. They were large and awkward, often needing to be set at a table rather than held in someone's lap.

Tomura was comfortable enough that Aizawa wasn't

really ignoring him, so he continued to search for something to watch. He eventually settled on a cartoon that was mostly meant for kids but had enough mature themes that adults wouldn't be bored watching it with their children. Then he tucked himself up into a ball with his knees to his chest and arms wrapped around his shins. It was a bunny instinct to be hidden and secure at all times, but he wasn't about to ask for any blankets or pillows. That was embarrassing.

An episode passed in relatively companionable silence. Then another. Tomura got restless. He didn't like being exposed, and he had nothing to do with his hands. Sitting still wasn't really one of his specialities. He started looking around the room more than paying attention to the show. The walls were bare everywhere. A couple larger potted plants gave some colour to the otherwise barren space of white walls and dark floors. Maybe he could water them, trim off the brown leaves . . .

Tomura shifted to get up, and Aizawa's unseeing eye flew open. His head turned toward Tomura, who had frozen in place with one paw still on the couch.

"Um, I was just gonna get some water for the plants. Is that okay?"

A beat of silence passed before Aizawa settled into his chair again. “Damn near forgot I had those. Sure, go ahead,” he muttered before closing his eye again.

Tomura hopped to the kitchen, loud thumps announcing his path. He filled a glass with water then carefully shuffled back over. He had no idea what kind they were, just green leafy things. His favourite one was more viney than the others with long tendrils that trailed down to the floor.

“You bored?” Aizawa asked, eye still closed this time.

“Kinda.” Tomura wasn’t about to lie about that. Even if he said no, Aizawa would still be able to tell.

“Is there anything you like to do? Video games or something? I can’t play, but you’re welcome to hook it up to the TV if you need to,” the hero offered.

That made Tomura perk up a bit. He did like video games, not that he had a big console to connect to the television. But his little bag that he brought had a handheld system that worked with his hybrid hands. He hadn’t taken it out yet because he didn’t want to risk annoying Aizawa with the sounds of it. The same bag also held his one personal blanket which he refused to take out with someone else around. He’d use it at night

in his new room, then hide it away again during the day.

"I just have a little handheld one," Tomura explained as he finally opened his bag to take out the game and immediately zip it closed again.

Silence filled the space again, the same slightly awkward silence that always seems to hover when two almost-strangers are in the same room. Tomura just tried to focus on his game, running the little character around to complete side quests rather than following the main plot. He always played games that way. Those little tasks were for discovering the world the game existed in, and he wanted to see all of it.

Time passed aimlessly as Tomura lost himself in the charm of his game. He would've ended up playing for the rest of the evening if Aizawa hadn't cleared his throat. The bunny jolted in surprise and curled in on himself. A beat passed, and he relaxed when he realized it was just Aizawa.

"Oh," Tomura said. "What?" Smooth.

"Dinner. If you're hungry."

Tomura looked down at himself as if his stomach would answer for him. Was he hungry? He . . . usually didn't eat much. Being on guard all the time lessened his appetite, and the gang rarely got food he could di-

gest anyway. But maybe he could allow himself to eat now. He could potentially be staying with a hero for the foreseeable future, which should mean he was safe.

"Sure. Should I help?" Tomura set his game aside, ready to return to the kitchen.

But Aizawa just waved his hand and held out his tablet, which was open to a restaurant menu.

"Pick whatever you want. I order from here all the time since cooking is a pain in the ass." Despite the complaint, Aizawa didn't really sound annoyed. He seemed to have accepted that not having sight had made living on his own difficult, and found ways to deal with it. And a hero could surely afford to order out for as many meals as they wanted to.

Tomura carefully scrolled with his awkward hands, reading each option thoroughly to check for any meat. He ended up adding a bowl of veggie noodles to the order, then also selected veggie spring rolls. Crunchy foods like crispy roll wrappers were some of his favourite things to nibble on.

With the order placed, Aizawa returned to his chair, so Tomura returned to his game. He bit his lip as he concentrated, ears perked with how focused he was. Since Aizawa wasn't able to see him, he felt slightly less

nervous about actually allowing himself to be expressive.

About a half hour passed before the doorbell rang. Aizawa managed to open the door, grab the food delivery bag, and carry it into the kitchen without asking for help. Of course he didn't need help. He was fine on his own before Tomura was assigned to him, and the bunny really didn't expect to do much.

The food smelled amazing, so Tomura set his game aside again and hopped into the kitchen. He guessed that Aizawa knew what his order smelled like, as the box of veggie noodles and bag of spring rolls were set aside while he dug into his own container, no plate needed. Tomura snorted at the sight, seemingly so uncivilized for a cultured hero.

"What?" Aizawa asked around a mouthful of spicy noodles.

"No bowl?" Tomura asked. He remembered where the dishes were from poking around earlier, so he grabbed down two bowls and two sets of chopsticks.

"Less dishes this way." But Aizawa did set his takeout container down when Tomura clinked the bowls together, realizing what the sound was. "Fine. You're washing them."

Tomura just rolled his eyes. He even scooped food into their bowls and added a spring roll to Aizawa's before handing it to him along with the chopsticks. The man just nodded in thanks and shuffled over to the table. Tomura's smaller portion was colourful with the different vegetables mixed in, which he quite liked. It was a nice contrast to the monotone apartment.

The two sat at the table, not quite next to each other but not too far apart either. They ate in silence, just the sound of clicking chopsticks and slurped noodles filling the room. Though it hadn't even been a full day, Tomura was beginning to think that their typical interactions would be the quiet type.

As they ate, he also thought about what might happen through the trial week. Just watering plants and playing games? Washing dishes? That sounded boring. He'd end up running back to his old gang after another week of that. Maybe there was something they could do together that wasn't reliant on visual aspects. Music? Reading? Those sounded kind of boring too.

"Hey, kid. You doing alright?"

Tomura came back to himself to see Aizawa had finished his bowl and was turned in his direction. That one milky eye wasn't really focused on him, but he still

felt the weight of expectation between them.

"Yeah, why?" It wasn't like Tomura was about to dump all his thoughts onto someone who was essentially a stranger.

"My friends who have assistance hybrids said they're rather talkative. You're very quiet. Not that it's a bad thing. I actually prefer it." It was odd to Tomura to hear the man ramble almost awkwardly.

"You may be a hero, but I'm not gonna tell you my whole life story," Tomura mumbled. "You know the program I'm from. I'm not used to talking a lot, I guess." He was surprised he even said that much. Maybe because there wasn't any real pressure to talk about himself, because Aizawa was supposed to be a good person, because nobody was secretly listening to them.

All he got in return for baring his soul was a hum and a nod, like Aizawa would actually think about what Tomura said rather than dismissing it. How quaint.

"I'll do the dishes." Tomura gathered the bowls and hopped away. The growing tension between them wasn't bad, but it was new and Tomura had enough new things to last him for a while. He didn't want to inspect what this could be.

With fumbling hands, the bunny washed their dish-

es and set them aside before drying his paws so he didn't leave little wet prints everywhere. When he returned to the living room, he saw Aizawa had a pile of colourful pieces on the coffee table. Upon closer inspection, Tomura saw it was—

"A puzzle? Really?"

"The pieces have defined and raised edges so I can put them together by touch. But the actual picture means you can help. Come sit," he said with a gesture to a cushion on the floor across from him.

Tomura sat slowly, watching as Aizawa lightly brushed his fingers along the edge of each piece as if he knew what he was searching for. This passed for a minute before he finally tucked it into the corner of pieces he already started connecting. It fit perfectly, both in shape and image.

"Wow. That's . . . kinda cool." Tomura sounded shy, which made him wince. He hated seeming shy.

"Wanna find the next piece?" Aizawa offered, leaning back from the table.

"Oh. Sure, I guess." Tomura leaned in at the same time, like they were moving in sync.

He checked out what was already built so he had an idea of what colours to look for, then started sift-

ing through the loose pieces. It seemed like the puzzle was just started, and he wondered if Aizawa had done others before. He tried out a few pieces that seemed like possibilities, but it took him a couple minutes to find the right one.

"There," he said to announce it.

Aizawa brought himself back to the table and reached out to feel the new edges of the puzzle. His fingers lingered over the new piece and Tomura guessed he had memorized the previous outline so he knew what had changed.

"Good job." As if he didn't just light up Tomura's whole day, Aizawa went back to slowly feeling out the edges of each piece one by one.

Tomura, on the other hand, was fighting to hold back various embarrassing sounds. He couldn't believe such a simple thing had earned him praise. That was so easy! And he did a good job! He wiggled in place, tail swishing excitedly to expel his sudden burst of energy. Bunnies were known to get zoomies when they were over-stimulated, and this was certainly close. But he held himself back, not wanting to hop around and risk ruining something. Especially when he didn't know how Aizawa would react to him running through the

apartment.

But he couldn't just sit there and not do anything while he waited for the hero to figure out the next piece. Tomura patted his hands rapidly against the floor for a couple seconds before stopping just as quickly, worried the sound would be annoying.

"I'm gonna get some water," he announced before leaping up.

Then he hopped to the kitchen and sort of bounced in place as he patted his hands on the counter instead. Thanks to his fur and the solid material of the countertop, there was hardly any sound.

It took a minute for Tomura to settle down enough that he could grab a glass without his hands shaking. He filled it with water and gulped half of it down in an attempt to slow his breathing to a normal pace again. Aizawa probably knew something happened, but he thankfully hadn't asked any questions yet. Tomura refilled it and took a deep breath before heading back to the living room.

As Tomura sat down again, he noted that Aizawa was still slowly and methodically feeling along the edges of the various puzzle pieces. That had to require so much focus and patience, two things Tomura really

didn't have. But, after another moment of thinking, he realized those were always Aizawa's skills as a hero. The man didn't have an offensive quirk, so he had to wait for the right time to strike.

"Didn't think you'd get that excited about puzzles," the older man commented dryly.

Tomura huffed and glared at him even though that didn't really do anything. But he did note another faint, barely perceptible smile almost hidden by scruffy facial hair. Huh. Every interaction between them has felt so odd, like they'd get along just fine if they softened up the tiniest bit. But both had their reasons for being guarded, and neither would lower their walls so quickly.

The evening passed almost comfortably. The two still maneuvered carefully around each other, and Tomura kept his habits to himself. He tried to keep from squirming around, patting his hands, touching everything to catalog its texture. It wouldn't be very smart to be kicked out the first day for being too annoying.

Eventually, the bunny surprised himself with a yawn. It made enough sound that Aizawa paused and tilted his head as he seemed to analyze what that noise was.

"Ah, it's probably night. Are you tired?"

It hit Tomura then that Aizawa probably had a weird sense of time since he couldn't watch the sun move. And with the man's infamous sleep trouble from before, Tomura guessed being blind didn't help.

"Yeah, a bit. Do you need any, uh, help?" Tomura asked awkwardly. That's what he was here for, right? To help?

"Nah, I'm fine. The room down the hall is all yours. Feel free to unpack there. If you need extra blankets, there's a linen closet across from your room," Aizawa explained before going back to sliding his fingers over the puzzle pieces.

"Okay. Thanks."

Tomura hopped to the couch where he grabbed his game and bag, then continued to the room he saw Ochako check earlier. It was just as plain as the rest of the house, and the twin-sized bed was an annoyance. Perhaps he could move it into a corner the next day so he could build a little burrow more easily.

For this night, Tomura just accepted that he would have the bare minimum. So he set his game on the nightstand and dug through his bag for some soft clothes that he typically used as pajamas. It didn't really matter if the door was open since Aizawa would never

see him, so he left it ajar even as he changed. He'd be able to hear if the hero needed anything more easily this way.

Once he was changed, Tomura very carefully took out his favourite blanket. He couldn't risk it snagging on the zipper of his bag. It got laid on the bed before he unceremoniously tossed the bag to the floor, then he crawled under all the blankets to settle down.

It was . . . okay. Certainly not the worst place he had slept in, but it would take time to become familiar and comfortable. Tomura hoped Aizawa wouldn't return him, wouldn't get tired of him and send him back.

Tomura snuggled down under the blankets and grabbed his special one to nuzzle against, finding solace in its familiar softness. He was used to sleeping in strange places, so it didn't take long for him to doze off with the faint wish that he'd get to stay.

The next morning, Tomura awoke to the smell of something buttery and warm. His nose twitched, and he took a deep breath before finally opening his eyes to glance around. He panicked briefly at being in a space that was clearly someone else's house, until he remembered the

events of the previous day. Then he settled down with another slow breath, trying to remind himself that this could be how he'd wake up every day from now on. He could have a secure life if all went well.

To keep his blanket protected, even though Aizawa couldn't see it to tease him or take it away, Tomura wiggled free from his impromptu burrow and stuffed it into his bag. Then the bag got pushed under the bed before he stretched out with a low groan. Sleeping curled up every night was both habit and instinct, and it always felt good to stretch his limbs in the morning.

Tomura had to hype himself up for a minute before finally opening the door and peeking out. He heard sizzling in the kitchen and wondered if Aizawa was cooking. The hero had previously mentioned that it was a hassle and he preferred to order out instead. Did he feel obligated to cook breakfast since he had someone living with him?

A few hops took Tomura down the hall to the kitchen, where he shyly peeked over to see what Aizawa was doing. The sight revealed to him was almost . . . sweet. Not that Tomura would ever admit that out loud.

Aizawa was wearing a yellow apron as he stood at the stove, various measuring cups and spoons around

him that had braille on the handles so he could tell which was which, and he was whistling to himself as he flipped pancakes. Did he memorize a recipe or ask his tablet to read one out to him? Both seemed to require quite a bit of effort, especially for someone with Aizawa's disability.

"Hope you like pancakes," the hero finally said without turning his head towards where Tomura was hiding. Not that the bunny even needed to hide. As long as he moved quietly, that was all that mattered.

"Yeah." Tomura shuffled into the kitchen and shamelessly went right to the refrigerator, opening it up to take out the container of strawberries he had snacked on the previous day. He chopped them up into easy-to-eat pieces and dumped them into a bowl for them to both take spoonfuls from later.

"Can bunnies eat chocolate? One of my friends with a canine helper has to keep chocolate out of their house."

Tomura looked over and noticed a bag of chocolate chips next to the stove. That sounded like a good addition to their breakfast. "Yeah," he repeated. "Thanks." Not many people would actually ask what Tomura could and couldn't eat.

Aizawa set about measuring the chocolate chips by feel, pouring some into his palm before carefully sprinkling them over the pan. Some clinked against the metal, but most landed into the still-gooey pancakes so they'd cook into the batter perfectly. It had been so long since Tomura had a meal like this, let alone for breakfast. Typically, if he wanted to start his day with a full belly, he'd have to scrounge up something for himself. When was the last time someone cooked for him? He couldn't remember.

Tomura set the table and got cups of water for both of them, putting everything at the same places they sat at for dinner. If that was Aizawa's usual seat, then he didn't want to disrupt that pattern.

Soon enough, Aizawa carried a tray of pancakes to the table. Some were plain and some had chocolate chips, and they all looked perfectly golden. Just like with dinner, they both ate in relative silence. Tomura mentioned that he had prepared some strawberries for them, and filled both their plates with fruit and pancakes. It was slowly becoming more peaceful rather than awkward to be near each other without saying anything.

After breakfast, Tomura washed the dishes again.

He figured he would like the routine of washing dishes after their meals. But maybe, if one day he got tired of takeout or Aizawa requested it, he could try making a meal himself.

That morning was spent with them existing in the same room but doing their own thing. Aizawa listened to his audiobook again while Tomura played his handheld game, turning the volume up a little since the ex-hero had earbuds in. He preferred playing games with sound, and found himself relaxing a little as the morning wore on.

Eventually, Tomura started to feel restless again. He was used to scampering around all day running odd jobs, and his bunny nature made him energetic. Sitting around for hours at a time wouldn't really work for him. But Aizawa lived in an apartment without a back yard, and he didn't want to just leave his assigned hero alone. That went against the purpose of his assignment.

Since Aizawa still had his earbuds in, Tomura decided to check the plants. They wouldn't need to be watered again so soon, but he figured he could give a little more attention to them. Maybe that would become a new hobby. He could spend his time mixing soil and trimming leaves. Though he winced and shivered at the

thought of getting dirt in his fur. He'd have to ask for gardening gloves.

The bunny peered at his favourite plant, the long viney thing in the corner of the living room. It sat atop a tall stand with its tendrils trailing down to the floor and leaves sprouting at random intervals. It looked very pretty, and Tomura wondered if he could train it to climb along the wall instead. He had seen inside the houses and shops of rich districts before and always subtly admired their decor, especially the more natural styles that encouraged houseplant growth. Maybe it was another thing to do with his bunny nature.

Tomura lifted one of the vines and held it up to the wall, wondering how he could make it stay in place. This plant didn't seem to have little suction cup growths to help it stick. So he went back to the kitchen and started rummaging through the drawers for something he could potentially use. Pins? Tape? He wasn't sure what Aizawa would allow on his walls.

A voice suddenly cut through Tomura's idle wondering as he poked through the drawers: "What are you doing?"

He froze in place, fear lancing through him as though he might be in trouble. That question was pre-

sented so many times to him in the past, always in a rhetorical way that inevitably led to him getting hurt somehow.

"N-nothing," he stuttered out, immediately closing the drawer before turning to face Aizawa.

Though the man didn't look upset, Tomura wouldn't let his guard down. He knew that people could lie in various ways, including how they expressed their emotions.

What would this punishment be? No meals for the rest of the day? Being locked in his room without his game? Maybe being told to deep clean the entire apartment before the end of the day.

Without realizing it, Tomura's breathing had started to pick up. He was nearly hyperventilating, heart racing and eyes darting around the room for an escape. If he could run off, maybe he could find a safe place to hide, somewhere too small for the grown adult to reach him. His paws patted against the counter anxiously as he tried to think of a plan.

"Tomura. Take a deep breath for me."

Still not angry. Neither the tone nor the expression seemed upset.

But Tomura was beyond reasoning. He was terrified.

He twitched in place before scampering away, dodging past Aizawa towards the living room so he could grab his game. Then he darted to his bedroom and slammed the door closed before diving under the bed. He didn't really have to hide from someone who couldn't see him, but it made him feel safer.

Even in the quiet darkness of the space under his bed, Tomura couldn't calm down. He was almost wheezing, struggling to catch his breath as his chest grew tight. Every heartbeat hurt and made him feel like he was about to burst. Punishment was surely inevitable. While he was able to run and hide a few times before, this was a pro hero he was up against. Aizawa was far more capable, even without his sight, than any gang boss Tomura had dealt with before.

There was a soft knock on the door that made Tomura jump and squeak in surprise. Of course Aizawa knew where he went, but the knock was unexpected. Most people just barged in before. Was it to build suspense? To trick Tomura into thinking he had a sense of safety and privacy in his room?

Then the door opened and Tomura curled into himself even tighter, his bag tucked to his chest with his blanket and game safely zipped inside. If he had to run

away, he'd have his two most important things with him. He could reestablish himself anywhere as long as he had his two comfort items.

Not that they were providing much help at the moment.

"Tomura? Are you alright?" Aizawa sounded . . . concerned?

Tomura held his breath, trying to stop the ringing in his ears so he could better hear what Aizawa was saying.

"I didn't mean to scare you. I just wanted to know what you were doing so I could help." Soft tone, explanation, keeping his distance.

Tomura knew these were objectively good things. He saw Aizawa's slippered feet standing in the doorway, not really invading his space.

But while these could be good things, they could also be lies. Offering a false sense of security to lure Tomura out from hiding so he could dole out whatever punishment he felt fit. No, Tomura wouldn't risk moving.

"Take a deep breath for me. I can hear you, I won't come closer. Just try to breathe with me," Aizawa said as he slowly slid down to sit cross-legged in the doorway. The hero was breathing slowly, purposefully. Tomura

could hear each inhale and exhale.

Was this another test? A trap? Aizawa was in the doorway, keeping Tomura stuck in the room unless he hopped out the window or managed to leap over the hero. Or, maybe, Aizawa really meant what he said. He was a hero, right? So he was supposed to be a good person.

Finally Tomura released the breath he was holding. It hitched with a panicked twitch when he realized how loud it was, but Aizawa didn't react. He continued to breathe slow and steady—a grounding presence and consistent pattern for Tomura to follow.

Tomura lost track of time as he finally let himself settle down. He matched his breathing to Aizawa's and his grip on his bag slowly loosened. Leaving the safety of his hiding spot didn't seem appealing quite yet, but he could at least breathe steadily, and his heart had gone back to a mostly normal beat.

"Can I come closer?" Aizawa asked.

"Sure." Tomura was surprised at his own answer, but he didn't try to take it back.

Aizawa had spent some undetermined amount of time just sitting and breathing without trying to force his way closer or draw Tomura out of hiding. This could

be okay.

The former hero shifted closer until he was leaning back against the bed, still sitting on the floor. He didn't reach under or say anything else, just sat there and listened to the gentle *whoosh* of their measured breaths.

"I'm sorry," Tomura finally croaked out.

"You have nothing to apologize for." There was no annoyance or exasperation. Aizawa seemed genuine yet again.

A few heartbeats of silence passed as Tomura debated with himself about whether Aizawa was being honest. He wanted to believe that the hero was good and would never lie to him, but years of living the way Tomura had were hard to erase.

"Whenever I feel scared, I sit somewhere quiet and take some deep breaths. Believe it or not, heroes do get scared. We get overwhelmed; we panic. We are still human, despite how other people may see us. I understand what you felt," Aizawa said softly. There was so much honesty in those words, Tomura couldn't help but believe him.

"Really?" Tomura longed for connection, for reassurance.

If Aizawa understood, then he wanted to build on

that somehow. He was young, his history with other people was rocky at best, and he longed for a real friend.

"Yeah, kid. Being a hero, especially underground like I was, isn't always glamorous. My friends and I have our own issues now. You wanna know why I requested a hybrid assistant?" Aizawa shifted like he was going to lie down, but he stayed sitting up.

Tomura scooted just a little closer to him, close enough to feel the body heat radiating off him. Bunnies were always drawn to warmth, and he felt both physical and emotional warmth from Aizawa now.

"Sure."

There was another beat of silence.

"Being blind and living alone is . . . hard." Aizawa's tone made it seem like a difficult admission. He didn't seem the type to really open up and talk about himself.

"I lose track of time," Aizawa continued. "I forget to eat, to sleep, to take care of myself. I get lonely. That didn't really bother me before, but it's started to lately. So I requested someone that had a similar disposition, someone that would also benefit from being paired up and living with a companion."

Tomura blinked. A similar disposition? Was he like Aizawa? Could he be good too?

"I . . . I want to help," Tomura said softly. He really did. Whether out of guilt and wanting to make up for his troublesome past or because there was a potential kinship sparking to life between them, he wasn't sure. Either way, he would do his best to support Aizawa.

"And I want to help you too."

The hero lay on his back, face towards the ceiling. Tomura felt a little more comfortable like that, even though Aizawa couldn't see him no matter which direction he was facing. It was a little less pressured when there wasn't eye contact, real or believed.

"Okay."

While that certainly wasn't what Tomura had expected from this program, it was certainly welcome. He could use a little support for once.

The rest of the week passed in tentative peace. Tomura was still jumpy and kept his blanket and game well-guarded, but he wasn't entirely distrustful anymore. Aizawa wasn't just another person. He was someone that Tomura could potentially relate to, someone that he could become friends with.

It took Tomura a few days to work up the courage,

but eventually he asked Aizawa to teach him some more specific breathing exercises. He framed it as something they could do together, a way they could both relax. He just didn't want to come off as selfish, as taking advantage of the assistance that Aizawa offered.

To Tomura's relief, the man agreed easily. They ended up sitting on the floor side by side, with Tomura closing his eyes. It was a little difficult for him to settle down, not used to closing his eyes and letting his guard down. But feeling Aizawa next to him and hearing the slow, steady breaths helped ground him in a way he didn't expect. Rather than getting worked up again, he was able to let his shoulders slump and ears droop as his breathing matched the man next to him.

Most of their meals were ordered in still, as that was what Aizawa was used to. It took another few days, until the second-to-last day of the trial week, for Tomura to offer to cook. Aizawa seemed surprised, and Tomura thought he caught a flash of guilt across the man's face before he nodded in agreement.

"Let me know if you need me to order any groceries," was all he said before shuffling into the living room to settle at his puzzle again.

The puzzle was very slow going, but Tomura didn't

actually mind helping most evenings. It was a nice time for them to sit together and do something simple as they wound down before bed. Tomura found himself able to sleep decently well, and he hoped Aizawa felt the same way.

Tomura managed to put together a meal with what was already in the refrigerator and pantry—spaghetti with red sauce that included chopped mushrooms and a mix of seasonings. It was simple enough, and he'd be able to keep his fur mostly clean if he cut up his noodles before eating. He learned the hard way that slurping long noodles often led to splashed sauce and flecks of red in his fur.

That meal was the first time Tomura saw Aizawa really smile.

It was the last day of the trial week, and Tomura was a mess of nerves. He was *almost* sure that Aizawa would choose to keep him around, but there was an incessant nagging thought in the back of his mind that he'd be sent back as a failure. It wouldn't be the first time he was given up.

He paced around the apartment most of the day,

shuffling and hopping as his energy and mood swayed. Tomura was filled with anxious energy, but he had accomplished most of his usual tasks by then. The plants were watered and pruned, the dishes were washed and put away, he had spent a good amount of time playing his game, and he even put lunch together for them earlier. Now he was waiting for an appropriate time to start making something for dinner just to keep himself busy.

Surely Aizawa could hear and sense his restlessness, but for once, Tomura couldn't bring himself to just sit down. He stopped for a moment every now and then to look out different windows, watching the world go by around him, but that was the extent of his stillness.

It wasn't until late afternoon that Aizawa finally spoke up.

"Kid. Talk to me," he said as he set his tablet aside.

Tomura sighed and finally flopped onto the couch, sprawled out across the cushions.

"I'm just . . . nervous. About tomorrow."

"You think I'm gonna have you sent back?" Right to the point as always.

The blunt tone made Tomura wince. "Yeah."

"Is there anything I can say to convince you that I won't?"

Tomura knew Aizawa wouldn't send him back. He *knew* that. But still, that irrational, childish part of him refused to let him fully believe it.

"No. I don't know," he admitted, sounding just as conflicted as he felt.

"How about another exercise? One that isn't just breathing," Aizawa suggested.

Tomura glanced over curiously, and saw a faint smile on the man's face. That little expression warmed the bunny like nothing else, and he was glad he didn't have to hide the pink blush that coloured his cheeks.

"Yeah, okay."

"Good. Change into something comfortable and loose if you aren't wearing that already. We're gonna do some yoga," Aizawa said as he stood to push the coffee table aside. He went slowly, and only stopped when the table bumped against the wall.

Tomura watched before hopping off to his room, where he changed into the one pair of shorts he owned. Leaving his usual t-shirt on, he returned to the living room to see that Aizawa had rolled out a yoga mat and was doing some basic stretches. So he shuffled over and started copying him, sighing in relief as he moved his body in ways he hadn't in so long.

"Let me know when you feel ready to start," Aizawa said after a moment, still bending his body with the ease of someone who did yoga regularly. Tomura wondered how he hadn't seen the man practise yet that week.

"I'm good." Bunnies were naturally flexible, and with how Tomura slept curled up every night, his joints were plenty used to bending around.

"Alright. We'll start simple. Just follow my lead and let me know if you need a break."

The two slid into another of their now trademark companionable silences as Aizawa went through a clearly well-practised routine and Tomura followed a heartbeat behind him. They worked slowly, smoothly, almost in sync with how easily the bunny shifted between poses. From arms and legs spread in a variation of the warrior pose, to being pressed up from the floor in the cobra pose, Tomura felt his anxieties dissipate as he tuned into how his body moved.

Time didn't matter. The upcoming choice didn't matter. All that Tomura cared about was watching the man next to him and flowing with him into the next motion that centered and grounded him in the present moment. He found himself breathing slow and steady, reveling in the faint burn of his shoulders and thighs

from holding certain positions, in using his body and the built-up energy in a way that would keep from disrupting Aizawa's daily routine. He could do yoga whenever he wanted, whenever he needed, without feeling nervous about upsetting his human partner.

Tomura let his eyes close as they went into the third cycle of the same routine. He realized that the point of repetition was to reach a sense of peace, to let his mind go quiet and follow the poses by muscle memory rather than actively thinking about them. It was a gradual realization but no less profound than a sudden epiphany. It was a wave of relief washing over his whole body.

A smile spread across Tomura's face as he bent his back and tilted his head up towards the ceiling, letting the sunlight from the window shine on him. It warmed his fur, and went all the way to his heart. It bloomed through him to melt away the remaining icy anxiety he felt, and he was able to exhale the last of it as his shoulders relaxed.

By the time they finished their routine, Tomura felt loose and calm and ready for a nap. Aizawa sipped some water as he rested in his chair and Tomura dozed off on the couch.

When Tomura woke up again, he smelled food and opened his eyes to see a few containers on the coffee table. When he opened them, he noted they contained exactly what he ordered during their first meal together a week ago.

"Hey. You're gonna let me stay, right?" Tomura asked as he picked up a container and a fork.

"Yep. You aren't getting away that easy, kid," Aizawa said casually with his trademark smirk.

The fluttery warmth returned in Tomura's chest, so he shoveled vegetable noodles into his mouth before he

risked saying something embarrassing. He knew then that Aizawa wouldn't send him back, but he didn't want to make himself out to be absolutely ridiculous so soon.

They would have plenty of time to learn more about each other. Tomura could tell Aizawa all about his favourite games, and Aizawa could teach him more yoga between puzzle sessions. It would be simple, it would be peaceful. Tomura would be happy. More importantly, they'd be happy together.

Smells as Sweet

by greyedscale

The first thing Ryuuko noted upon waking up was that Rumi was being more aggressive than normal. The alpha was attacking her at practically all angles, licking and biting marks on her face, her neck, her chest—everywhere.

"Mmph, aaah, Rumi—Rumi! Stop, you're not in a rut are you?" Ryuuko pushes the Rabbit Hero away, keeping a tight grip on her shoulder to maintain the separation.

Rumi levels an amused smirk at Ryuuko as she pulls the other alpha back onto her lap. "You really think I'd

be this mild during a rut?"

"You make a pretty convincing argument," Ryuuko acknowledges, finally letting go and allowing Rumi to go back to making hickeys on her throat.

After several more seconds of continued onslaught, Rumi burrows her nose into Ryuuko's shoulder. "Damn, you sure *you're* not in your rut? You smell so damn good . . ." she mumbles.

"Now you're—ah—being ridiculous," Ryuuko moans.

Rumi continues nuzzling into Ryuuko, mumbling unintelligible words.

After a few seconds of enjoying the rumbling vibrations of Rumi's voice on her body, Ryuuko pulls back a little.

Ryuuko pouts. "My turn."

Rumi gives a soft, dopey smile, tilting her head to give Ryuuko better access to her neck.

"Of course, darling," Rumi agrees.

Ryuuko starts slow, laving at the soft skin between Rumi's neck and shoulders, slowly working her way up to more vigorous bites and sucking. Rumi lets out small, aborted gasps, little involuntary sounds which she could not hold back. Ryuuko grins while continu-

ing her assault.

Feeling a little playful, Ryuuko grabs Rumi's tuft of a tail without warning, massaging it gently while mirroring the same movements on the Rabbit Hero's breast. As she rolls Rumi's nipple between the fingers on one hand, she similarly rolls the soft tail between the fingers on the other. Rumi groans—a deep, gravelly sound that goes straight to Ryuuko's core and makes her underwear stick to her with how wet she is—with the stimulation to her tail.

"Ryuu," Rumi whines between a mess of moans, "You know I'm sensitive there."

Ryuuko takes the chance to lift the other hero up and press her against the headboard of their bed. ". . . And?" she teases. "What do you want me to do about that?"

Instead of letting Ryuuko have the upper hand, Rumi bites the other alpha's lip and slowly approaches her girlfriend's ear. She blows gently before whispering, "This."

With her taunting done, Rumi snakes her hand up Ryuuko's back, searching for the spot between her shoulders where Ryuuko usually hides her wings. Once found, Rumi softly trails her fingers down the spot,

tracing nonsensical patterns lightly across the sensitive junction.

Ryuuko lets out a squawk, hands loosening as she breathes heavily. “Ru-mi, you fucking tease,” she gets out, taking shallow breaths between each word.

“*Your* fucking tease.” Rumi grins dopily while delivering the cheesy line.

“Yeah, my fucking tease,” Ryuuko agrees with equally as soft eyes.

After a moment of silence, Rumi playfully asks, “Want me to tease you some more?”

“I thought you’d never ask,” Ryuuko agrees. “Please go ahead, baby.”

Consent secured, Rumi flips Ryuuko onto the bed, pinning the Dragon Hero with one hand.

“Got you right where I want you, little dragon,” Rumi purrs.

Ryuuko can only *groan*. “Fuck, Rumi if you don’t stop taking everything so damn slow, I’m going to just jack myself off instead of letting you fuck me.”

Rumi smirks. “Maybe I want to watch.”

“Bunny, please.”

“Okay, okay, my impatient little dragon, no need to get pushy,” Rumi acquiesces. “But you gotta prepare me

first."

Without waiting for Ryuuko's response, Rumi gently lifts herself and aligns her pussy with her girlfriend's mouth.

"That's not your cock," Ryuuko complains cutely.

"You can have my cock later," Rumi placates.

In lieu of a response, Ryuuko begins to mouth at Rumi's pussy, giving small kitten licks to her labia before gradually making her way up to broader, flatter strokes at Rumi's entrance.

"That's it, baby," Rumi groans, breaking eye contact with Ryuuko, "Just like that."

Rumi is so focused on chasing her own high that she does not notice Ryuuko shifting beneath her. Then, in an imitation of her own actions earlier, Ryuuko flips Rumi—only instead of flipping their positions, she flips Rumi to face away from herself—with her cute, cottony tail positioned right in front of Ryuuko's mouth.

Rumi does not see the gleam in Ryuuko's eyes that promises revenge, but she *does* feel Ryuuko gently envelope her tail in her mouth. Ryuuko starts swirling her tongue around, softly stimulating Rumi's sensitive tail, and Rumi yelps as she loses control, fluids gushing out of her pussy and leaking onto Ryuuko's nose.

"God, babe—I—what the fuck?" Rumi exclaims.

Ryuuko takes in a deep breath through her immutable smile. "Like that, bunny?"

"Like that?" Rumi repeats incredulously. "God, I can't even begin to describe how much I loved that—how much I love you."

"Well, I always knew you were more a woman of action than of words. So, c'mon,"—Ryuuko crooks her index finger in a come-hither motion—"show me how a big bad alpha expresses her appreciation."

"Of course, babe," Rumi acquiesces immediately, "Just give me a moment to get you ready."

"For fuck's sake, 'Ru. If you take any longer to fuck me I really will jack myself off and leave you alone with that raging boner you've got there."

Rumi comes to attention immediately. She suppresses the urge to salute. "Yes, ma'am."

Still, despite Ryuuko's threats, Rumi still tentatively inserts a few fingers into her girlfriend's cunt—just to make sure she really was as ready as she claimed. Ryuuko may complain about Rumi being too much of a tease, but she has never complained about Rumi being too thorough.

Beneath her, Rumi can see Ryuuko rolling her eyes

fondly.

Rumi shoots a pout at her partner. “Just being careful, my little dragon.”

“Yes, yes, now get on with it.”

Rumi smiles wryly. “Yes, ma'am.”

Having ascertained that Ryuuko is sufficiently wet, Rumi wastes no time in pushing her cock into her girlfriend’s pussy.

“Hah, yes, that’s it, love,” Ryuuko moans the moment Rumi is fully inside her.

Rumi, on the other hand, despite having already come once, is struggling not to blow her load immediately.

“God, babe, why do you always feel so good?” Rumi asks, punctuating each word with a thrust.

Ryuuko makes a noise like she’s about to respond, however, at that moment, Rumi changes the angle of her hips, hitting just the right spot to make Ryuuko growl. Ryuuko’s nostrils flare and Rumi feels a light heat brush across her skin. At the same time, her walls spasm, squeezing Rumi’s cock incomprehensibly tightly.

“It’s so hot when you lose control, dragon,” Rumi croons through pants.

“God, you’re insufferable,” Ryuuko complains with

no heat.

"I know I am."

Rumi continues at a slower pace, allowing Ryuuko to recover a bit. When the Dragon Hero starts tugging at Rumi's tail, Rumi understands the hint for what it is and starts speeding up her thrusts again.

"You know, it's kinda unfair you're always taking advantage of my tail when you keep yours retracted all the time," Rumi observes.

Ryuuko blushes. "That's because I know you, and you'd never stop touching me if I let it out. I love sex, but I'd also like to do other things," she responds indignantly.

"But, babe," Rumi whines.

Ryuuko sighs. "Maybe for your next birthday."

"Babe, you're the fucking best."

Having said that, Rumi dips her head down, capturing Ryuuko's lips in a wet kiss. Her tongue invades Ryuuko's mouth, and the two alphas wrestle for the top position with no end in sight. Ryuuko feels rather than sees Rumi's lips draw back in a smirk as she grasps Ryuuko's cock in her hand, giving it a tight stroke. Surprised, Ryuuko's jaw slackens, and Rumi finally claims the top.

“I win,” Rumi crows when they separate their lips to take a breath.

“The fuck you do. You cheated.”

“Oh? I finally got Miss Prim and Proper to swear?” She punctuates her teasing question with a brush of her thumb over the top of Ryuuko's cock.

“Fuck. Shit. Rumi,” Ryuuko chastises, “You know I swear all the time!”

“Just not in front of the public.”

“Shut up.”

“Make me.”

However, it’s in fact Ryuuko that gets shut up once Rumi starts stroking her cock faster, in time with deeper thrusts into her cunt. Rumi pleasures Ryuuko frantically, chasing a mutual high.

She feels Ryuuko start to spasm both around her cock and within her grasp. Small spurts of cum paint her lover’s stomach, and Rumi crashes. She comes long and hard, vision whiting out. Rumi blinks rapidly through the pleasure, trying to savour it and regain her bearings at the same time.

It's only when every last iota of pleasure has left her that Rumi realizes she’s unable to fully move.

“Uh, babe?” Rumi starts to panic a little.

"Yeah, you accidentally knotted me again," Ryuuko responds. She snorts. "It's literally the third time this month, 'Ru, get it together."

"Sorry," Rumi says sheepishly.

"That's what you said last time too."

Rumi gives her girlfriend a pitiful look, causing her to sigh.

"C'mere, you dumb rabbit. At least this gives us an excuse to take a nap."

Rumi cuddles up to her girlfriend with a smile. "Yes ma'am."

A Perfect Fit

by Aravis

Izuku used to hate waking up so early for work, but recently the morning slog has been distinctly *interesting*. He's worked at the hybrid sanctuary for a few years now and there's always been an intriguing mix of "tenants" in the sanctuary's various habitats.

Izuku has heard plenty of rumours that the large stretch of private, protected land was bought by a human who fell in love with a hybrid and wanted to avoid public censure for the taboo relationship, but there's no proof of that. He doesn't exactly see many of the other keepers very often to ask about it. That was an initial

hurdle he always worried about in a new job: coworkers. And, thankfully, he never had to do more than the occasional nod and hi-how-are-you in passing to somewhat familiar faces. Even more thankfully, Izuku doesn't have coworkers crowding into his space and demanding gossip or insider info—because he would probably be fired if he told the truth.

The truth is . . . well, it's *interesting*, to say the least. The sanctuary may or may not have been created to conceal the interspecies liaisons of its founder more than a century ago. And Izuku *may or may not* be ah . . . engaging in said interspecies liaisons, himself.

"C'mon . . . I know you were in this quarter earlier . . ." Izuku mumbles, tapping his pen against the tablet in his lap. The little golf-cart he's sitting in has more duct-tape than solid plastic, but it's a sturdy thing with a tiny, clunky old heater he's eternally grateful for on his morning rounds. It's spring, but it's still chilly out here before the sun really hits the sky.

The tablet still shows a location ping from about twenty-six minutes ago. To allow for *some* privacy and autonomy, the sanctuary refrains from constantly

Aravis

monitoring its "settled" occupants. The first six months of habitation and introductions are all hands on board with behind-the-scenes data tracking, but once the vet techs and zoologists higher up confirm that the hybrid in question has denned (nested, roosted, etc) down in a "home territory", they sign off on reduced monitoring.

Izuku is performing a visual check for one of their newer inhabitants, a feisty jack-rabbit hybrid that had come in with multiple fractures and a distinct distrust of humans. "Katsuki" (or "Kacchan", as Izuku privately calls him) has healed and settled in remarkably well, but Izuku has noticed something in the past month or so that has him a *touch* concerned. It's nothing he wants to bring up to the zoologist-in-residence just yet, but Izuku wouldn't feel right if he didn't go in person to make sure things are, well, *consensual*?

Izuku chews his lip, ignoring the heat in his face as he checks the tablet once more. Only one more minute until he gets a status ping from Katsuki's tag. He needs to concentrate on doing his job, not thinking about the trail cam footage he's been watching (and re-watching) of Katsuki's recent *encounters*. Namely, his interactions with one of the more territorial hybrids in this part of the sanctuary: a big, toothy maned wolf named

"Eijirou".

Okay, so technically Izuku doesn't *need* to perform a visual check on Kacchan, but it's usually procedure to check on a newly mated pair, or at least take a quick peek at trail cams and monitoring data to see if the receptive hybrid is doing alright in the aftermath. He's *seen* the trail cam footage, so he knows Kacchan has a hefty limp going, but he's also seen the um . . . *size* of the cock he's been taking, so it's pretty understandable that Kacchan would need a bit of time to get his legs back on board. But still—since Kacchan came into the sanctuary with fractures, Izuku thought it would be better to get in-person visual confirmation, even if it's not *technically* necessary.

In any case, Izuku is fairly certain the encounters are consensual, but talking about consent for hybrids opens a bit of a can of worms. They have more animalistic traits, more instinctive behaviours that a human might not understand unless they're a zoologist or a vet or a hybrid-certified rescue. Meaning, a person off the street might see a big rabbit-man getting bitten and shoved onto his face on a forest trail by a an even *bigger* wolf-man and fucked for several hours as less enthusiastic sex and more uh . . . well. Human concepts aren't

one to one, that's all.

Kacchan certainly has the ability to fight off Eijirou—Izuku saw him bloody the wolf's nose with a hefty kick a month before they first had sex—but for some reason, he doesn't really *fight* anymore. Well . . . Izuku presses his face into the steering wheel, hiding his raging blush from no one.

Does it count as fighting if they're running around with their dicks out, taking bites out of each other in passing? Probably.

It usually goes something like this:

Eijirou always sneaks up with the tip of his cock peaking out of his sheath, panting quietly while he stalks Kacchan through the woods. Kacchan hops around doing his usual glaring and marking of territory lines, but there's a certain *sway* to his hips and a bulge to his arms as if he's flexing while he rakes his claws into the bark of the trees he passes. Eventually, Eijirou breaks cover and lunges for Kacchan, sometimes managing to get an arm around his neck or his waist to pull him to the ground where they snarl and snap and grapple for control. Kacchan has tons of opportunities to leap away and sprint to any number of his hiding spots, and yet he continues rolling around with Eijirou, dart-

ing his face in close to bite what bare skin he can find amidst the wolf's fluffy fur. Eijiro usually gets control of Kacchan pretty quickly, but he seems to *like* letting Kacchan smack and bite and wrestle him. Finally, after some undetermined amount of time, both hybrids are fully erect, dripping blood, covered in dirt, yowling and growling and snapping in one another's faces, and then Eijirou's just *in* Kacchan.

Izuku cringed watching their first time on the trail cams. Kacchan doesn't have a cunt, so it's not like Eijirou had anything to slick the way but pre-cum, so things seemed a bit tense until Kacchan began to whine and shove his ass back against Eijirou's hips. Now, every time they "get together", it seems like Kacchan relishes those first few minutes of burning stretch. Izuku's tried out his own version at home, riding thick toys too quickly, too soon, and with less lube than his sensible mind insists he needs. It *hurts*—but Izuku can definitely see why Kacchan doesn't run away, because once it stops hurting, it aches, it burns, and it feels fucking *amazing*.

Eijirou's pretty big, but there isn't much to go off of since he spends most of his time erect and out of his sheath stuffed inside of Kacchan. From what Izuku's

managed to see when they've switched positions in a scrambling, hissing, clawing flail of limbs—when Eijirou slipped out and Kacchan let out the most *sinful* whines until the cock was given back—Izuku estimates about nine to ten inches in length with a knot that *could* be around eight inches in circumference. But again, Izuku would have to be there in person to make any kind of real guesswork on the size of his hybrids.

In the last few encounters, Eijirou has started holding onto Kacchan's hips and shoulders less and touching his cock more. Hares don't have knots, and Kacchan's balls are about a quarter the size of Eijirou's. Mix all that together with the difference in the two hybrids' sizes and it meant that Izuku hasn't been able to get a good estimate on *Kacchan's* cock either, because Eijirou's fist swallows it up entirely. It's frustrating, honestly. Izuku is trying to do his *job*, and these two are making it difficult to monitor their mating practices!!

At least that's the story he'll give if anyone asks why he went into the field if anything um . . . *happens*. Not that it will!! But Izuku came prepared, in any case. There's the usual field-kit of some compressed air deterrent spray, loud bells, a whistle, a baton to maintain distance, radios, first-aid kit, et cetera. But Izuku likes

to prepare more *thoroughly*. Hence the um . . . plug in his ass. Not that Izuku is intending to get fucked by hybrids under his care!! But . . . well, he'd *like* to be.

Izuku squirms, finally sitting back upright to do his work. He taps the screen to wake the program back up, scrutinizing the data pings. The log shows the most recent one three minutes ago now at . . . oh. Izuku chews his lip with increased vigour as he carefully sets the tablet down and grips the wheel to glance over his shoulder. Two pairs of red eyes stare back at him around the rear wheel-wells.

Izuku blinks, a delightful little shiver crawling down between his legs. Kacchan's nose quivers, brows lowered in his signature glare. Eijirou is crouched above him, one clawed hand braced against the side of the golf cart. His face is lifted, mouth slightly open as he sniffs the air. Behind him, disappearing and reappearing past the edge of the cart, Eijirou's tail wags furiously.

"U-um . . ." Izuku tries to pitch his voice low, keeping the volume subtle for their first real encounter. "Hello, you two."

Kacchan huffs, eyes narrowing as his nostrils flare. One curled hand presses into the grass against the wheel, shifting minutely closer. Eijirou's body shakes

as his tail wags harder, a giddy whine pouring past his teeth.

"Sorry for snooping—" *In more ways than one . . .* "—I just wanted to make sure you were um . . . g-getting along okay, since you started, uh, um, being . . . together."

Izuku fidgets with the hem of his shirt as the two hybrids stare back at him. Eijirou's face splits in a wolfy grin as he looks proudly down at Katsuki. Kacchan's eyes roll—such a human gesture—and he sniffs primly before stepping around the end of the golf cart and approaching Izuku. Eijirou follows after him, walking on his furry hind legs. Izuku doesn't miss the long, heavy jut of wolf-cock slapping against his belly and thighs as he moves.

"Oh—uh, okay, you c-can say hello if you like, I'm IZU—ku," he yelps, freezing in place as Kacchan sticks his nose into Izuku's neck. The tip is a little cold, but the tongue that reaches out to prod his skin is *definitely* not.

What the grainy trail cams didn't capture was the fine whiskers coating Kacchan's face and the light, almost transparent coat of downy fur fluttering beneath his chin before the ruff of his throat and chest fur puff out into a proud mane. Kacchan's hands are big, his fin-

gers nearly wrapping around Izuku's thigh. As he leans into the golf cart to examine Izuku, his long ears flatten slightly to avoid scraping the roof.

Behind him, Eijirou is equally impressive. A little more furry, with a strip of darker, longer fur standing out along his spine and down to his voluminous tail. The claws on his hands are longer than Kacchan's. And his, uh . . . his cock, it's—well, Izuku's estimates were just a touch off. Say . . . by three or so inches in length . . . probably at least another two inches in girth.

How does Kacchan make that fit? . . . Can ***I*** *fit that?*

Izuku shudders as Kacchan tests the collar of his shirt, tugging it with his teeth before yanking on the fabric. The popping of threads fills the air, followed by a shivering moan from Izuku and a satisfied rasp of leporine teeth. Eijirou's large, triangular ears twitch in his wild red hair, capturing every sound they make.

After a few seconds the wolf prods at Katsuki's back with his knuckles, claws tucked toward his palm. If Izuku were less focused on his spit-slick neck (and his aching dick and hole), he might've noted the practised gesture as evidence of the cohesiveness of their pairing. As it stands, he doesn't really have the mental capacity to do more than mewl helplessly as Kacchan aims a

half-hearted, backward kick at Eijirou before grumbling and ducking out from under the golf cart to let the wolf have a turn.

Izuku shrinks back in his seat as Eijirou fills the side of the cart. He's a massive hybrid, full of healthy muscle and a nice layer of fat that gives him a stout, strong look. The wolf preens as Izuku looks at him, tossing a sly look over his shoulder at his mate. Katsuki snorts through his nose, such a human sound Izuku can't help laughing aloud.

Eijirou's eyes lock on Izuku at the noise, dark red and dilated with hunger or arousal, Izuku isn't sure which. He's both pleased and intimidated to find that expression turned his way, because while he's been fantasizing about these two hybrids for weeks, he's also now aware of how *un*prepared he is for making those fantasies a reality. The plug in his ass is pathetic compared to the big hand that snakes out to press him against the seat. Eijirou's claws lightly trace his chest before tucking under the hem of his shirt and giving it a swift, upward yank.

"He—pfft—*hey*!!" Izuku sputters, flailing as best he can with the shirt trapping his arms up beside his head.

The light through the shirt dims as a large mass fills

the space in front of him. Heavy sniffs and low, hungry growls make Izuku's insides melt and twist like putty.

Sharp hands grip and pull at him, levering him out of his seat and tucking him tight against a warm, furry side. Another set of hands stroke down his back, tracing the pattern of freckles that vanishes into the back of his pants—the waist of which is thoroughly explored, the tips of claws dipping beneath with obvious interest.

Grass crackles beneath two sets of paws. Izuku manages to tuck his chin to look past the bottom hem of his shirt, where broad, blond-furred feet stand between narrow red paws. Izuku can also feel a distinctly hard *heat* against his ass, growing more evident as his legs are rearranged around the muscular waist in front of him. A high, pleading whine sounds as the body beneath him shudders, hips jerking. The head of a truly impressive cock grinds against the (thus far) impenetrable seat of his pants.

"*Where.*"

Oh. He knows some hybrids can talk, but Izuku hasn't heard Kacchan or Eijirou talking. Or at least, the trail cams don't have audio and the hybrids' faces are never in view when they're um . . . *engaged*, so Izuku never knew if they were capable. But apparently

they can talk, because the red-furred body he's locked against heaves, muscles flexing before an equally deep, growling voice replies:

"Den."

A muffled yip escapes Izuku; he can't tell if it's in protest or excitement. Neither hybrid pays him much attention, however, and before he can puzzle it out the wind begins rushing past as Eijirou and Kacchan race away from the golf cart, carrying him off into the woods.

The monotony of being carried around gets old fast, especially with nothing to pass the time. Shadows began passing more frequently overhead after the first hour or so, which Izuku takes to mean they've gone deeper into the forest on the sanctuary lands.

His arms, still pressed up over his head with the shirt binding him in place, are way past cramped and into aching numbness by the time Eijirou and Kacchan slow to a walk. They're only slightly out of breath, which is ridiculous—especially since they handed him off between one another a few times without much effort as they climbed up several rocky surfaces or crossed a few

little cliffs.

The light brightens before dimming once more, the warmth of the sun fading just a little as they *finally* come to a stop beneath some trees. Izuku sighs, shaking his sweat-heavy curls from his eyes. He's been planning to either struggle to get down or verbally *insist* he be put down for a while—now he just needs to go through with it. Izuku is still gathering courage when the situation outside the stifling world of his shirt changes with a deep, hungry voice.

"*Want*," Eijirou growls, stroking a clawed hand over his back before dipping lower.

Izuku squawks into the shirt and the fur plastered against his sweaty skin as his ass is *thoroughly* groped. He's still bound up inside his stupid uniform polo shirt, and there's no telling when he might be let down to sort things out. From what he can tell, given the increased light and temperature, it's probably either noon or just after, and he's been carried a *long* way from his golf cart full of supplies and methods of contacting other humans. It's probably in his best interest to just let his two hybrids take care of him—whatever that might mean for him.

Hopefully something good. Izuku squirms, hoping

Eijirou can't feel the pitiful human erection past the barrier of his pants.

A tongue clicks beside them. "Small." Kacchan says. "Stupid wolf too big."

"*Am* big," Eijirou agrees, puffing his chest up until Izuku prods it back down with little bounces of his forehead.

"Hello? Can you let me down? Um . . . please?" He put off thinking about other needs while they were running, but now that they've stopped—and with Eijirou stroking along the backs of his thighs and drawing his attention south—Izuku is struck by just how much he needs to *pee*.

Both hybrids freeze in place, low, uncertain growls and tooth-grinding filling the air before a small, nonverbal conference occurs over Izuku's head. He can tell they're "talking" because of the short jerks of Eijirou's arms and the sub-vocal rumbles buzzing through his skin. Eventually, some consensus is reached and Izuku is allowed to slide down to his shaky feet.

Izuku struggles with his shirt until it's suddenly ripped off and tossed carelessly against a tree trunk a few yards away. Before he can try to figure out where they've ended up, Kacchan steps in front of him. The

hybrid dips down so their faces are level, baring his teeth briefly before cocking his head, red eyes narrowing intently. Izuku should feel threatened by the display, but he's already established just how screwed up his moral compass has become.

"No run." A long, broad, furry rabbit-foot stamps the grass in a warning thump. "No. *Run*." Eijirou echoes the sentiment with a grunt.

Izuku swallows, palms stretching out in what he hopes is a calming, supplicating manner. "I won't run." *Kidnapped by hybrids. This is fine.*

Izuku sidles toward the closest tree, intending to hide behind it to do his *business*. Both hybrids watch him intently, ears twitching, tails bobbing or wagging respectively. When he begins to duck behind his selected tree, twin growls fill the air and a huge red-furred hand seals around Izuku's arm.

"*No,*" Eijirou insists, puffing air through his nose in emphasis. Kacchan circles them, stepping behind Izuku to cut off any escape. "Stay."

Izuku squeezes his muscles, doing his best not to piss his pants. Gravity's really started working on him now; he needs to go *bad*. "Not running," he babbles, waving his hands. He points at the tree. "Need to go,

um, relieve myself?"

Both hybrids give him unimpressed looks. Kacchan folds his arms across his chest, briefly distracting Izuku from his pee-mission with the attractive bulge of muscle. Uninvited, a sudden surge of liquid heat sears through his cock, only *just* stopped with a hiss and hard squeeze of muscle.

"Please, seriously—*Ihavetopee*," Izuku yelps, hiding his face in his hands.

A warm hand curls around his side, pulling him forward. Eijirou snuffles at his hair as Katsuki tugs at Izuku's wrists. The urge is almost unbearable now; his legs are shaking, rustling the grass at his feet.

"Piss?" Eijirou ventures, tipping his head in such a puppyish way Izuku would laugh if he weren't seconds from wetting his pants.

"Yes, I have to. So please—I'm just going behind this tree, I *promise* I won't run." Izuku fumbles at the button on his pants, cringing at the pressure. He turns toward the tree again, intending to shuffle around and out of sight.

Kacchan grips his shoulder, grumbling and stamping his foot once more. "Here. Tree. *Go.*"

Eijirou nods helpfully, gripping a fold of Izuku's

pants between his thumb and forefinger. Izuku yelps as the zipper gives and his pants jerk down, briefly stuck on the curve of his ass. The swell of his dick isn't helping things either—the pressure of everything is quickly becoming agonizing.

Izuku burns, mortified that he's about to *pee* in front of other people. Part of his brain, the analytical side that desperately wants to detach and help him through it all, reminds him that they're just hybrids. That doesn't make it any better because he's been *getting off* to these hybrids for weeks. It isn't just taking a leak with animals in the woods, it's pulling his cock out and *pissing* while the furry guys he's interested in take front-row seats. But it's too late to think of all of that right now. Shame can wait: Izuku needs to *go*.

Between the helpful claws and his own wriggling, they get his pants low enough that Izuku can fumble for the slit in his underwear and tug himself free, stomach cramping as he *finally* relieves himself. He does not have a piss kink. He *doesn't*. But the interested sniffs and keen eyes locked on his cock are quickly proving him a liar. The sudden surge of arousal cuts him off mid-stream, slowing to a few gushes that leave the head of his cock wet and warm.

Izuku doesn't get a chance to put himself away or shake off. Eijirou makes a hungry sound and swipes clawed fingers over his glans, then sticks them into his mouth to taste. Izuku gawks at him, knees trembling as his cock twitches, blood rushing into his groin. Kacchan grumbles and stalks closer, caging him in against the tree. One hand holds his hips still while the other swipes for his cock, pumping with unfairly practised ease.

"*Ohhh* my god," Izuku groans, flailing until his fingers catch on a puff of blond fur. Kacchan grumbles louder at the tug on his ruff, but he doesn't care enough to let go of his prize.

Beside them, Eijirou braces a hand on the tree and trails his claws down Izuku's back. He ignores Katsuki's challenging grunt when their hands battle for space on Izuku's hips, but eventually the two of them decide his remaining clothes are the real problem. Izuku steps out of his pants and underwear, giving up the last bit of control he has. Kacchan's fingers are callused but *amazing* on his cock, stroking in a way that's both under and *over* stimulating. Eijirou rumbles, stepping closer until his cock butts up against Izuku's hip, leaving wet streaks across his thighs and ribs.

Izuku leans forward, bracing his free hand on the tree. Both hybrids crowd around him, nipping and grumbling at one another and groping him with growing eagerness. Izuku moans desperately as a sharp claw *clinks* against the hard base of his plug—and everything goes still.

"What?" Eijirou taps it again, claws scrabbling around the base, trying their best to get a good grip. "*What*," he demands, stuffing his nose against Izuku's neck.

Kacchan smacks Eijirou's hand away, using his shorter claws to better grip the rounded edges of the plug's base. Izuku squawks and shudders as Kacchan begins tugging it free with a long, wet sound. Both hybrids make hungry, approving sounds, and before Izuku can decide how best to approach things, Eijirou drops to his knees, grips Izuku's hips, and stuffs his tongue in *deep*.

Izuku wails, hips thrusting between the hand on his cock and the rough tongue in his hole, relentlessly teasing and testing his limits. Eijirou's breath puffs hotly over his ass and thighs, hungry growls and eager whines rising with each shudder and clench around his tongue. Kacchan grips Izuku's chin, tugging his face up to stare at the teary, flushed, splotchy mess they've

made of him.

"Good," Kacchan purrs, leaning down to nuzzle Izuku. It feels more like being headbutted, but Izuku appreciates the affection for what it is. "Open?"

Eijirou tugs free with a ridiculous splatter of drool, panting against Izuku's ass. He whines sadly, licking Izuku's rim until it quivers, too tired to close up around the space inside. "Tight."

Kacchan grumbles, releasing Izuku's chin to pat Eijirou's head. It's so cute and *familiar* it makes Izuku's heart ache—as well as it can with how fast and heavy it's pounding. He's so close to cumming and there's nothing inside of him, it's *unbearable*.

"P-please," he begs, face burning as he pushes his hips back. "*Empty.*" It's probably a bad sign that he's already descended into monosyllables alongside them. But who said sex needed to be a verbose activity, anyway?

Eijirou licks into Izuku, teasing his rim with soft nibbles before nipping the curve of his ass. "No knot. Too small. *Tight*," he enthuses, thrusting his tongue back in until Izuku's eyes roll back, knees close to buckling.

"Hmm. Me," Kacchan decides, shoving at Eijirou's head. "You have me. I have him."

Izuku nods fervently. This is a good solution for him, absolutely. Hopefully Kacchan will fit in him. . . .

The three of them settle at the base of the tree. Eijirou nuzzles Izuku, delighting in the bare, soft throat presented to him as Kacchan shuffles into place, opening Izuku's legs around his waist. Izuku strokes Eijirou's fur, smiling as the wolf whines and shivers in delight at a gentle ear massage. A sharp nip draws his attention back to Kacchan, eagerly waiting with his own cock now hard in hand.

"Oh . . ." Izuku stares, licking his lips. It's big too. It . . . it probably won't fit, but he *really* wants to try anyway.

Kacchan nudges the head against Izuku's hole, mouth twisted in a scowl. A few petty thrusts leave Izuku cringing, biting his lips to hold back pained sounds. Kacchan has the first bit of the head in, but the rim of the glans is broad, bigger than a human's, and Izuku's hole seems determined to keep it out. If it were a more classic rabbit-shaped phallus, there wouldn't be an issue getting such a streamlined shape inside of him, but this . . .

Eijirou snuffles against Izuku's shoulder, rubbing their cheeks together. "Tight," he mourns, petting

Izuku's belly before stroking a thumb over the short jut of his cock.

Kacchan tries another few thrusts, but in the end, the hybrid doesn't seem keen to continue if Izuku won't enjoy it. It's both frustrating and endearing that a wild hybrid would have such a level of self-control. Izuku wants to be fucked, but here are these two wild beings, refusing to do so because his ass is just too *tight*.

"Thighs?"

Kacchan's ears flick. "He wants inside. Can tell—empty, no cum."

Izuku flushes as they discuss him like any dominant partners would. Oh, your sub can't get off without something stuffed in his hole? Such a shame.

Kacchan lifts the forgotten plug, brushing it clean on the fur of his thigh before licking it and unceremoniously stuffing it back into Izuku. He moans, arching in Eijirou's grip as Kacchan pauses, a keen, sly look appearing on his face. The hybrid grips the plug and begins fucking Izuku with it, slow thrusts aimed ridiculously well, teasing until his hole shivers and strains around the largest part, desperate to keep it in.

"This," Kacchan declares, shuffling onto his elbows before Izuku. "Come. Fuck me, I take care of *him*."

Izuku flops onto his back as Eijirou wriggles out from beneath him, giving him a last tender stroke before romping around behind Katsuki. Kacchan rumbles and tugs Izuku closer, deftly rearranging him onto his belly.

"Up," Kacchan declares, scratching Izuku's thighs with his demanding grip.

Izuku groans, arching his back and spreading his knees wide to give the hybrid as much access as possible. Kacchan noses at his balls before flicking his tongue out to taste Izuku's cock, teasing the head with little kitten-licks before leaving him dripping and neglected. Kacchan lets out a snarl, then a hoarse groan, lurching away from Izuku's ass. He cranes around to look at what's going on behind him, eyes wide at the violent, erotic display.

It becomes immediately obvious how much care they were using with him. Eijirou shoves between Katsuki's shoulders and hikes his hips up, slapping his cock onto the hare's tail before sliding it down and humping against the furl of his ass. A short squabble ensues, with Kacchan demanding to be licked before being mounted, and Eijirou whining about being ready *now*. It's a little funny, aside from the bared teeth and

raking claws. For hybrids, these hybrids in particular, Izuku knows it's their standard dance around sex and dominance.

Kacchan likes to be teased, worshipped, and begged for sex. Eijirou likes to claim, to mount and own and *fuck*. Well, they both like to fuck, but Eijirou seems a bit wilder than Kacchan. It's probably just the size of his teeth and claws in comparison to the hare's, and Izuku's own personal preconceptions of predators versus prey.

In any case, Kacchan grips his thighs while Eijirou licks him open, then gnaws on Izuku's ass while Eijirou begins fucking him with hard, wet slaps of his hips. Every jolt of the wolf's hips drives Kacchan's claws and tongue and teeth into Izuku, teasing and tormenting him with what he could be having.

Next time, Izuku tells himself, ripping the grass out in fistfuls as Kacchan gets a grip on the plug's base with his teeth. The stretch is easier after Eijirou licked him, the plug slicking in and out with hardly any friction save for the desperate squeeze of muscles in pursuit of orgasm.

In a truly desperate moment of need, Izuku reaches back and stuffs a finger into himself as the plug begins tugging out, gritting his teeth as Kacchan's face gets

pushed closer with Eijirou's next thrust, driving the plug back home. Kacchan groans around his mouthful, claws raking down Izuku's sides and thighs in stinging, claiming lines. Eijirou snarls above them, fucking Katsuki as hard as he can.

"*Good*," he enthuses, snarling as Kacchan bucks against him.

They all forget speech as the careful threeway devolves into a wet, panting mess. Izuku cums first, spraying the grass beneath him with a cry. Kacchan dips down and licks his cock, teasing the post-orgasm flesh until Izuku cries, needy and insensate with pleasure. Kacchan suckles Izuku's cock as Eijirou continues pounding him, humming a nonsense, growling tune as the wolf's stamina drives him mad. Izuku can hardly be blamed for losing control of himself with such constant overstimulation; Kacchan certainly doesn't seem to mind having something different to drink down.

Eijirou's efforts finally draw Kacchan's mouth away, filling the hare's throat with hoarse cries and snarls. Dazed, Izuku continues stroking his insides, lost in the simple comfort of sensation as the two hybrids above him moan and strain towards orgasm. Izuku gets another finger in before his hole refuses to stretch any-

more—but it's enough. Enough that when Kacchan's stuffed full of a knot and unable to move, he gets to tease his hybrids with tantalizing glimpses of his stretched hole, slowly, carefully sliding onto Kacchan's cock. He can't take Kacchan all the way, not yet, but it's a start.

They have as much time as they need to fit together in all the ways they want.

Izuku taps in his confirmation of the data ping, biting his lip as he slips onto the next bulb of his toy. Kacchan and Eijirou are on their way, the most recent pings showing them only a few kilometres out. It's good timing; Izuku has a little longer to get the last knot inside to prove that he can take part in Eijirou's rut.

It's been an amazing few months since that first foray into the woods. He'd spent several days eating food brought to him by his new mates, bathing in streams, and being play-mounted and teased in a dozen different ways. They didn't have a large amount of words, but Izuku gathered enough to know that his "sneaky" attentions were very much returned—and that Kacchan and Eijirou had put on a few performances just for him. Izuku had a fun time explaining his unanswered mes-

sages and abandoned golf cart when Kacchan and Eijirou finally brought him back, but things smoothed over pretty quickly, all things considered. The worst part was pretending he wasn't going to go gallivanting off into the woods again at the first sign of his "favourite hybrids". Ah well, what they don't know . . .

He's been able to take Kacchan fully for about a month and a half now, and they've been practising getting him on Eijirou ever since. He's *such* a good pup, shivering and holding still even when Izuku can feel how badly he wants to just bury himself knot-deep, no matter the consequences. Kacchan's been taking the brunt of Eijirou's needs in the meantime; he can't wait to see the looks on their faces when he turns around to show them how *ready* he is to be theirs. *Both* of theirs.

Izuku squeezes on the toy, rocking another few bulbs up before slowly pressing himself down, down, *down. . . . Ahhhh, fuck!!* There. The last knot, only a little smaller than Eijirou himself, fully buried inside his ass. And not a second too soon. . . . The distant breaking of grass and low panting announces the arrival of his playmates.

Izuku smiles and sets the tablet into the glove box, then swings his backpack on and carefully steps down

onto the grass. He needs the supplies this time, since he's planning on spending the entire rut with Eijirou and Kacchan (a period lasting up to two weeks, in particularly virile hybrids), so the backpack is a must. Lots of lube, a bunch of toys (some hybrid specific ones Izuku is *dying* to try out), and some combs and brushes so he can dote on his mates as much as he wants.

Izuku looks funny, naked save for his shoes and the bag, but Eijirou and Kacchan like having access to him—and Izuku's the only one watching the trail cams in their territory. If another human comes across footage of their coworker being bred like an eager bitch, that's their own problem. Izuku's become rather fond of being nude. Makes everything so much *easier*. Who wouldn't want to walk around bare and proud, knowing you'd have someone racing to get inside you the instant you bent over?

Twin growls, and a hard, impatient stomp of a familiar foot, drift from the nearby meadow. Red eyes stare at him, drinking in every inch of bare skin—and the slight bulge in his belly, shifting with every step he takes.

"I'm coming, don't worry . . ." Izuku calls, smiling as he marches awkwardly toward his mates, cock twitching at the hungry looks on their furry faces.

Eijirou emerges from the grass, loping on all fours toward him. Kacchan hops past, kicking a foot back with unerring accuracy. Izuku laughs, wincing as his stomach tightens around the toy buried *oh* so deep . . . .

Kacchan tips his head, stretching out a claw to trace the obvious curve in Izuku's belly. Izuku smiles, standing on tip-toes to steal a kiss. Kacchan and Eijirou are very good at kissing now; Izuku spent a *long* time teaching them, of course. Eijirou whines until Kacchan finishes licking Izuku's neck and chest, allowing him to turn and offer a similar greeting.

Two sets of hands grope across his body, teasing the swell of his stomach and the tight, lube-slick curve of his ass. Eijirou pauses, a shiver wracking his massive frame. Izuku smiles up at him, sliding a hand down to tease the wolf's sheath.

"Ready?" he asks, the hint of a whine straining through his gruff demeanour as his cock slides out onto Izuku's palm.

Izuku purrs—a skill he picked up from his mates—and teases the slit of Eijirou's cock with his thumb. "Mhmmm . . . I'm nice and stretched. I want this in me at the den."

Kacchan grumbles behind them, but he drapes him-

self over Izuku's back to watch his fingers dance over Eijirou's cock. The novelty of clawless hands able to tease all manner of sensitive parts has never grown old for his mates. Kacchan explores the base of the toy between Izuku's legs, but he knows better than to remove it so close to the rut.

Finally, Eijirou shakes himself from his stupor, dragging Izuku up into his arms and turning to march away toward the woods. Kacchan huffs, folding his arms over his chest.

He's so cute when he's grouchy. "Kacchannnn," Izuku calls, waving over Eijirou's shoulder to the sulking hare. "I've been practising my deepthroating for you!!" That does it.

The hybrids eagerly race towards their den with Izuku in their arms, whispering promises for the coming weeks. And if they have to stop part way to the den to relieve some tension, well . . . Izuku is a dedicated keeper. He's always ready to make his hybrids happy.

How To Be a Good Bunny

by aavocado

Usagiyama Rumi: creati, eh? interested in some bunny?
Usagiyama Rumi: 😘🐰

Momo flushes, trying to think of the appropriate response. She hasn't used this site before, or anything like it, so she's not entirely sure of the social niceties. . . .

Just try it! Mina had said. *Only pro heroes can use HeroMatch, so you know you won't get any creepy fans!*

And, well . . . Momo is pretty sure number 3 pro hero *Mirko* isn't a creepy fan. But could Mirko possibly

actually be interested in . . .?

Momo shakes her head. Of course Mirko is interested. Momo knows she's . . . attractive. Of course people could be interested in her.

But Mirko? Mirko's literally a rabbit.

Breathe, Momo tells herself. She's just gotta respond to a message. She can reference Mirko's profile to find a topic of conversation. This is fine.

> Yaoyorozu Momo: Hi, Mirko-san. I see you are also interested in

Momo's hand shakes. This is . . . harder than she anticipated. She inhales slowly. Kinks are valid. Momo . . . is . . . kinky. And so is Mirko, evidently.

> Yaoyorozu Momo: Hi, Mirko-san. I see you are also interested in bondage. I myself am interested in exploring this activity.
> Usagiyama Rumi: [illegible]
> Usagiyama Rumi: looks like you found the right bunny! i love restraint-play. do you have any experience?
> Usagiyama Rumi: also feel free to call me

Rumi!
Yaoyorozu Momo: I've explored a little on my own, but never with a partner. I haven't found anyone who's interested.
Yaoyorozu Momo: By the way, do you have a preference for which pronouns I use for you?
Usagiyama Rumi: she or they are both fine wbu
Yaoyorozu Momo: She/Her please.

Momo bites her lip. Should she disclose that she's trans? Mirko is nonbinary so they're probably fine with Momo being trans . . . but sometimes people aren't, and Momo doesn't want—

Momo breathes. She doesn't know if this will even go anywhere. She doesn't have to say anything yet.

Usagiyama Rumi: your profile says you're a switch. are you looking to restrain or be restrained rn?

Momo flushes again.

Momo would very much like to be tied up.

> Yaoyorozu Momo: I'm undecided. I'd like to be able to meet in person before we get into too many specifics. I've never used this site before and I'm . . . nervous.
> Usagiyama Rumi: totally! you wanna do a fancy dinner or a more casual cafe?

They end up agreeing on meeting at *Rumi*'s agency for a more private lunch instead.

Rumi's talking about a save she made last week at a dance studio. One of the kids got trapped in the mirror due to their quirk.

It's fascinating, really. However, equally fascinating is the way Rumi grins, the way their eyes light up. The way their ears wiggle.

Momo pulls her thighs together.

Rumi is . . . very animated, up close.

"When's the last time you had sex?"

"Oh," Momo says eloquently. "A few months ago. With a . . . friend. It . . . wasn't good. I think it sorta . . . prompted me to start thinking of myself as kinky? And . . . to explore that stuff?"

Mirko nods. "Bad sex can do that. You wanna fuck

now?"

Momo stutters. Her face goes beet red.

"No pressure if you aren't interested, of course!"

Momo presses her lips together. "I'm interested."

Rumi brushes a hand on their head, rubs a finger on the base of their ear and sends it wobbling.

Momo's head bobs. "I would love . . ." She bites her lip. "I know I've been talking about kinks, but I think I'd like to start with something a little tamer . . . if that's alright?

Rumi leans back . . . and spreads their legs.

And Momo can see the growing shape of a *bulge*.

"Wanna do hand stuff? Mouth stuff? Penetration? Get a vibrator in here?"

Momo stands from her chair and moves toward Rumi. "Maybe we can just start like this?" And she takes her risk: she swings a leg over Rumi's lap to sit in a straddle and then presses her lips to theirs.

Rumi grins against Momo's lips, then kisses her.

Rumi is a slow kisser. Their tongue delicately inches along Momo's teeth before deigning to press further in.

They taste like the tahini dressing from their salad. Momo moans a little at the memory of that *delicious* spiralled zucchini, but moans more so at the slow broad

stroke of Rumi's tongue against her own. Momo's head tilts, trying to get her mouth at a better angle to go *deep*.

Rumi's lips latch on to the new angle, and her tongue *curls*. Momo sighs, and her fingers gently find their way to Rumi's cheek. Rumi's hand comes to rest on the curve of Momo's ass and squeezes, and Momo moans into Rumi's mouth.

Momo can feel her clit throbbing.

"Mmmmm," Rumi drolls. "Like that?"

"Yeah," Momo breathes.

She lets her hands wander, and a spot in the back of her mind calls it *awkward* as Rumi's saliva drips down Momo's chin. Momo's hand caresses the side of Rumi's breast. She waits a beat, and then gives it a slow squeeze.

Yes, she will be listening to horny brain and horny brain only, right now.

Rumi's mouth trails along Momo's jawline. Momo throws her head back and moans again. Rumi's sucking on her neck, now, and then catching the skin with her teeth, and Momo involuntarily *ruts*.

"Want me to touch you?" Rumi asks, just barely breaking their salivated seal on Momo's neck.

"Yeah," Momo says. High-pitched. *Wanton.*

She can feel the arousal on Rumi as well, a pro-

trusion in the crotch of their pants that wasn't there a minute ago.

Momo wants to know more.

"What," Momo moans as Rumi's fingers tease at her waistband, "vocabulary do you . . ."

And Rumi stops, her fingers tantalizing over the button of Momo's pants. "What?—oh!" Rumi removes her fingers entirely and leans back, looking down to her crotch with a smirk. "You mean this?"

Momo bites her lip and nods.

Rumi grabs Momo's ass again, and thrusts her forward into Rumi's groin. They lean in to Momo's ear.

"This," they whisper, "is my big . . . fat . . . *cock*."

Momo shivers.

Rumi licks her neck, moving their hands back to Momo's waistband.

And embarrassment floods Momo's skin, from face to ass to toes. She doesn't like . . . *that word* . . . for herself . . .

The button pops. Rumi's hands snake straight into Momo's pink satin panties.

"Mmm," they muse, proding Momo's clit. "And what do you call this?"

Her clit *throbs*, begging to be named, to be touched.

"It's . . ." Momo mumbles, "m-my clit." Her face flushes further, and she even feels a tingle in her nipples.

Rumi's fingers wrap around Momo's clit and *squeeze*. "You like it when I touch your clit like this?"

Momo nods. Her hips buck into Rumi's grip and she moans.

"Can I," she whimpers. "Can I see your cock?"

Rumi grins again. Keeping one hand on Momo's clit, they use the other to yank down the waist of their yoga pants.

Momo sucks in a breath.

Their naked cock bounces free from confinement, erect and glistening.

Her clammy hands grab at it, give it a push, and she watches as it bobs.

Momo scootches up Rumi's lap, needs to—

"Ah!" she moans as the sensitive skin of her clit ruts against Rumi's cock. It feels *so good*. She needs to do it again. So she ruts again, and God, it's so good.

Rumi keeps their fingers on Momo's clit, and then latches onto their dick with a thumb.

Momo's hands move upward, under Rumi's shirt to their bra.

Rumi's hand wiggles and squeezes. Their lengths grow hotter and moister against each other. Momo might even be getting a little hard.

She unclasps Rumi's bra with clumsy imprecision, and then greedily grabs a fistful of tiddy in each hand.

"Uhn." Momo moans again, thrusting into Rumi's grasp. She's ready to—

Rumi's tongue sloppily prods at Momo's mouth again. Her lips fall open, and that's it. Her orgasm floods her body, and she *melts*.

"Uhhhhhn," she moans against Rumi's tongue.

Their teeth tug on Momo's lip with a moan, and then Rumi's spraying cum all over the two of them.

Their bodies shake, and then Rumi pulls away, panting.

And Momo smiles. She can't help it. She *smiles*, the endorphins still simmering in her nerves.

The next time they meet up, Momo goes straight to Rumi's house. Rumi's been sending her pictures of their . . . sex room, with all the ropes and chains and cuffs and various furnitures and cushions and *toys*, and Momo is so ready.

Or, she was. Her lingerie is donned and her nipples are clamped, but her nerves are *spinning*. What if she's not sexy? What if she ends up hating it, or Rumi ends up hating her? Or what if she gets so nervous that she has a panic attack in the middle of being tied up and Rumi needs to cut their expensive silk rope to free her?

Then, Rumi's sliding open the wooden shutters, and Momo's hole flutters.

"Voila," Rumi says with a smirk, gesturing to the extravagant room.

Momo's here, in the flesh. Mere metres away from the breeding bench, from the x-cross, from the ceiling-mounted hooks and chains.

"Welcome to the dungeon!"

Momo bites her lip again. Horny brain has arrived.

"I've got my leather restraints on the wall over here," Rumi says. "I think those would work best for beginner bondage! Since they're easier to take off!"

Well, there's the solution to the worries of the silk rope.

"Anything catch your eye?" Rumi asks.

Momo gulps. Dangling from one hook is a black leather *collar*.

Oh, how she wants . . .

She bites her lip again, and then instead points at a pair of cuffs. “Are those the thigh ones?” Momo asks in a small voice.

Rumi scoops them off the hook. “Heck yeah. They go good with a chest harness—and a spreader bar! Helps keep you open.” Rumi grins flirtatiously.

Momo smiles and nods. “Yes, I’d like that very much.”

Rumi snatches up a couple more items. “Do you want any arm restraints?”

Arm restraints. . . . So Momo will be helpless as Rumi holds a vibrator to her clit and eeks orgasm after orgasm out of her?

Momo nods.

“Okay! I think we should start on the bed. That good?”

Momo nods. “Yeah.”

She clutches her duffel bag to her chest and follows Rumi to the pillow-covered bed.

“Let’s go over safewords and limits again,” Rumi says.

Momo sets down her duffel bag. “Red means stop, yellow means slow down, green means go.”

“Aye-aye.” Rumi grins. “I’m going to be restraining

you with leather cuffs and chains. If you ever need to be freed, say 'red' and I will immediately uncuff you."

Momo nods. She *really* hopes she doesn't panic. "I'd also like to be on my back, please, so I can see you."

Rumi nods. "Awesome. You got a specific position in mind?"

Momo blushes. If she were on less estrogen, there'd probably be a bulge in her shorts. She leans onto her back, and then pulls her thighs to her chest, knees spread on either side of her breasts. "Like this."

"Sexy."

Momo's *sexy*.

"And do you want me to penetrate you, sexy?"

Momo smiles softly. "Yeah."

"Anal?"

Momo nods. "Just got the one hole."

"Just wanted to make sure! Anal's better, anyway," Rumi goes on. "Vaginal always felt like period cramps to me, and the skin always felt like it was *tearing*. Bleh."

"So do you have both?" Momo pushes herself to ask. "I didn't get a good look the other day . . ."

"Nope. Had the vag removed in favour of cock," they say, punctuating *cock* with a slap to the groin.

And boy, the cock really does look good on Rumi.

However, Momo chuckles. “Can’t relate. I’ve been considering having the opposite procedure.”

Rumi wiggles closer to her on the bed. “I’m sure you’d look sexy no matter your anatomy.”

Momo blushes again. “I . . . uh . . . by the way.” She opens up her duffel bag. “I brought my vibrator. If you want to . . . use it on me.”

“I’d love to vibrate you.” Rumi grins.

Momo passes them the wand-vibrator. “It turns on by long-holding the plus sign. Then the plus turns it up and the minus turns it down. There’s ten intensities.”

Rumi turns it over in their hands. “Ten, eh? Wonder what setting I can get you up to before you come.”

Momo blushes. “I usually only get up to three.”

“I’ll take that as a challenge. Now, are there any other details we wanna address?”

Momo bites her lip and shakes her head.

“Alright then, sexy. Take those nasty clothes off.”

And Momo grins. She pulls off her hoodie and t-shirt in a fell swoop, revealing the lace open-cup bra beneath.

Rumi’s eye is immediately drawn. Momo follows their eyeline, and it’s fixated on her chest, her breasts, her billowing naked bossom—and a blush floods

Momo's cheeks.

Momo taps against her nipple accessory, a magnetic clamp she'd bought online. "Do you like?"

"I fuckin' like, you sexy little slut."

Momo's groin tenses. Oh, she is a slut, isn't she? And it's so *good*.

"How long you been wearing these clamps for?"

"I put them on before I left for your place."

"And I'm so glad you did. Do you want me to be gentle?"

Momo nods. "My nipples are so sore."

"I'll be careful, love. Now, get those shorts off."

And Momo is delighted to oblige. She shuffles out of the striped shorts, revealing to Rumi the matching crotchless-assless lace panties and iridescent jewelled plug.

Rumi's throat bobs. "Let's get this show on the road, eh?"

Momo giggles. "Please do!" She pulls her thighs back up to the sides of her chest. "Dominate me, please."

Rumi chuckles, lifting up the first cuff. They crawl forward, pressing a knee against Momo's crotch as they fasten the cuff around Momo's thick thigh. "Tightness good?" they ask.

"Yeah."

Rumi fastens another cuff, and then threads a leather strap around Momo's underbust.

Momo's hole clenches around the plug.

Rumi hooks the thigh cuffs to the underbust strap, and Momo grins as she pulls against the taut connectors. She's *trapped*.

Then Rumi lifts the spreader bar, and Momo's clit *throbs*. They adjust the length before securing the bar to the cuffs. "Feel good?"

"Yeah," Momo *moans*.

Then Rumi slinks smaller cuffs around Momo's wrists. She guides Momo's hand up to the thigh cuff, and hooks the cuffs together. "This good?"

Momo nods.

Rumi grins and hooks up the other cuff. "There you go, you little slut. Can barely move an inch now, eh?"

Momo wiggles against the binds. Her breasts jiggle, and she wants Rumi to tug on them, just a little bit.

But she's the sub. She's gotta do what Rumi wants, right?"

Maybe she'll just . . .

"You can touch my nipples a little," Momo pants. "If you want."

"If I want?" Rumi chuckles. "I think . . ." and they slink a hand under their own shirt. Snake it up to *their own breast*. The shirt bunches over their wrist, and Rumi angles themself so Momo can *see* them teasing their fat brown nipple. "I'm gonna touch my *own* nipple."

Momo shivers, and she wails, trying to buck her hips toward Rumi. Touch her, *please*.

Rumi moans dramatically as they yank their nipple. But Momo's breath hitches as she sees their other hand snaking into their pants. Yes, please, *please*.

Momo wiggles her pussy enticingly.

Rumi grins again and uses their hand to flop their cock out of their pants.

Momo wiggles again. She *needs*.

And Rumi delivers. They drape themself over Momo's body, pressing against the spreader bar. The bar digs slightly into Momo's ribs, and she relishes the pressure.

Then Rumi taps a gentle finger over the exposed flesh of Momo's nipple, and she whimpers.

"Again," Momo moans.

Rumi brushes against the nipple again, firmer this time, making the whole clamp tilt with the movement.

Momo's hips buck.

"I've got you," Rumi says. And then there's a pressure around Momo's hole as the plug is being drawn out.

"Hnf," Momo whimpers as it comes free. "Fuck me. Please, fuck me."

"Light?"

"Green!"

"A'ight." Rumi's cock, so much thicker than Momo thought it would feel, pokes at Momo's pre-lubed hole. Their hand still pokes at Momo's nipple.

"Green! Green! Green!"

And Rumi presses inside. Slowly at first, but then all at once. Their hips slam against Momo's, and she cries in pleasure.

"Ahhhh!"

Momo clenches around the delicious thickness, unconsciously tries to reposition her legs and moans again when they stay *put*.

Oh God, she's going to have to cum like this, stuck like this.

Rumi starts to thrust.

"Mmf," Momo whimpers. Her thighs go tense against their restraints, and she can already feel an orgasm in the wind.

Then Rumi pounds against her *spot*, and Momo moans.

"Aaanh!"

Rumi smirks, and then they pound it again, and again.

Momo tries to move her hand to her clit, but it's trapped, and she moans again. "Clit."

Rumi's hand leaves her abused nipple, and Momo whimpers.

But then the vibrating wand clicks on, and her clit twitches.

Rumi doesn't tease her, thank God. She presses the tip of the wand straight to the base of Momo's clit, and she whimpers and moans and cries in delight.

"Wait," Momo pants. "Y-yellow—"

Rumi pulls the vibrator away.

"I just—need you to take off the clamps before I come, or they'll hurt too much."

"Got it," Rumi says. They deftly ease the clamps apart and off of Momo's wailing nipples, and she moans again as the blood rushes back into them.

Then Rumi presses the vibrator to Momo's clit again, rubbing it up and down. They slap against her spot, and Momo's thighs pull against the restraints with such

muscle she'd be worried about getting a charlie horse if she weren't completely filled to the brim with pleasure.

"I'm coming," she murmurs, and then her ass cheeks sweeze together like her life depends on it. Her ograsm starts there before brushing over her body. It pulsates in her nipples, and she moans moans moans.

She thinks Rumi comes too (while Momo savours the endorphins flooding her body) because the thrusting stops, and the angle of the vibrator slips away from her clit.

Momo whimpers, involuntarily wiggling her hips. She wants to keep coming; she *likes coming*.

But it ends. Her orgasm trickles away, and her post-nut clarity quickly sets in.

And oh God, her legs are sore, and her once-blissed hole now aches around Rumi's cock. Momo tugs weakly against her restraints.

"I gotchu," Rumi breathes. They toss the still-vibrating wand onto the bed, then plant their hands on Momo's thighs. "Good girl," they murmur, slowly sliding their cock out of Momo's hole. "You came so beautifully, darling."

"Ahhh," Momo moans again as Rumi finishes pulling out, her hole clenching around the nothingness in

confusion.

Momo's eyes droop, and she wiggles her legs again.

"Yep, I got you," Rumi repeats. *Finally*, they're unclasping Momo's restraints.

"Thank you," Momo breathes. Her legs flop weakly onto the mattress, and she curls up onto her side. "That was"—she yawns—"really good."

"I'm glad, bossy."

Momo frowns. "Bossy?"

"I say affectionately!" Rumi tosses the leather aside and reaches for the vibrator again. "I love you telling me what you need from me."

Momo blushes. "I guess I'm not a good sub after all."

Rumi clicks off the vibrator. "You're definitely a good bottom, though."

"Is there a difference?"

"Oh, totally! Dom-sub dynamic refers to who has the power; who makes the choices. While top-bottom dynamic refers to who is performing the acts and who is receiving."

"Oh. So I'm a bottom. But I might be a little . . . dommy? A little bit?"

Rumi lies down and slots behind Momo's back. "Honestly, I don't think what we just did was super D/s.

However, we can try more Dominant/submissive role-play if you'd like."

"Mmm," Momo muses, wriggling her bum against Rumi. "Maybe next time. Right now, I think I want to nap."

Yaoyorozu Momo: So, I did some research and I think you're right about me being a bossy bottom.
Usagiyama Rumi: 😉
Yaoyorozu Momo: However
Usagiyama Rumi: 😉
Yaoyorozu Momo: I am . . . interested—wait, what does that emoji mean?
Usagiyama Rumi: i'm eyeing you with interest
Yaoyorozu Momo: Oh, um

Momo blushes.

Yaoyororzu Momo: I'm interested in trying to be more submissive next time. I think forgoing painplay would help. I guess

that's my fault anyway, for the nipple clamps.

Usagiyama Rumi: never blame yourself for nipple clamps. they're so sexc it can be hard to resist

Usagiyama Rumi: anyway i'd love to dom you. wanna do some roleplay? maybe hero/villain

Momo gulps.

Yaoyorozu Momo: I am interested in roleplay. However. I . . . have a specific . . . role in mind.

Momo hits enter as her gut clenches. She can do this. Rumi is so cool and chill. The worst that can happen is she's just not into it, which is fine, that's okay. Momo's not even entirely sure if she's . . .

She grits her teeth.

Yaoyorozu Momo: I have a . . . particular fetish that I'm a bit nervous about.

Usagiyama Rumi: Oh, do tell! Is it

something not on your profile?
Yaoyorozu Momo: It's not on my profile. I uh . . . I have a

Momo breathes.

Yaoyorozu Momo: I might have a little bit of a

Momo jams her eyes shut.

Yaoyorozu Momo: I have a bunny fetish.

Momo shakes, Her computer dings with a response, and her gut clenches.
She drags an eye open.

Usagiyama Rumi: amazing coincidence i happen to be a bunny 🐰
Usagiyama Rumi: tell me your bunny dreams, i will do my best to satisfy 🐰🐰

A bead of sweat drips from Momo's forehead.

Yaoyorozu Momo: I
Yaoyorozu Momo: I want
Yaoyorozu Momo: I want to be the bunny

Momo breathes. They've talked about this. Rumi is wonderful and sexy and *such* a good sex partner.

So this'll all be okay.

Beyond okay—this is going to be fantastic. Lifechanging. *Freeing.*

Maybe that's why she's nervous—her expectations are too high. She's scared it'll suck. Or scared that it'll be over too fast, and all she'll be left with is a memory.

Momo purses her lips and breathes again. *No. Don't overthink. Let Rumi do the thinking for you.*

Momo raises a fist and and raps her knuckles against the door.

She waits a beat, rolling back on the spongy heels of her sneakers.

The door opens. Rumi wears a white t-shirt and black cloth shorts.

Momo's expression remains willfully neutral, fixed on Rumi's face. Momo of course notices the dark shape of Rumi's erect nipples under their thin shirt, but she

does not stare. She is polite, and anyway, she wants to be a good bunny. No matter how much she wants to touch, she won't until commanded.

Rumi grins, eyes almost jammed shut from the force of their smile.

"Well," Rumi says. "Come on in, bunny."

Momo averts her eyes then, down and to the left, staring at Rumi's door instead. She can feel the blush seeping into her cheeks.

Rumi steps back, and Momo enters the house. She follows them down the stairs, and then through the hallway and into the sex room.

"Take off your clothes and join me by the sofa when you're ready," Rumi says.

Momo's clit throbs. She holds her duffel bag to her chest. "I . . . brought some . . . themed attire, if that's all right?"

Rumi's face lights up. "Oh, that's more than okay. Go bunny yourself up and meet me by the sofa, beautiful."

Momo's cheeks flush, and she steps into the changing room. She takes another moment to breathe.

She might not be a real bunny. She might not be able to have a real tail attached to her spine or real ears growing from her head.

But she'll still be pretty darn cute.

Carefully, she withdraws her items from the duffel bag and lays them on the chair. One black leather harness, custom-made by an artisan in Thailand; one set of furry black ears and a tail, custom made by a different artisan in Thailand; and her *collar*, custom-made by herself and her convenient quirk.

She shivers, brushing a hand over the circular studs adorning her collar, blushing when she reaches the heart-shaped name tag.

Momo-chan. That's her.

She quickly shucks off her human clothes and tosses them into her duffel bag. She removes her bra, grinning a little at her breasts. Her tongue pops out between her teeth, and she gives a breast a little squeeze.

She's a good sexy bunny.

Next, she sets about wriggling into her harness. The leather straps chafe on her thighs as she gets them rotated correctly, and Momo bites her lip as she remembers once again that she is doing this. She is being a bunny. She is good and sexy and she is becoming a *bunny*.

She secures all her buckles, clips her tail into its slot on the back of her harness, and then slides the ears onto her head.

She's bunny. Momo wiggles her head, the weight of her big ears shifting. Then she wiggles her butt, and grins at the sight of her tail flopped between her cheeks.

Momo is *bunny*.

She sets herself on the floor on all fours, and wiggles her bum one last time before taking a moment to breathe. She's ready.

She bunts the door open with her face and crawls out of the changing room.

Momo's eyes find Rumi lounging on the chaise, and she blushes, lifting her head to show off her pretty collar and boobies.

"Oh," Rumi drawls, "you are a *very* good bunny."

Momo keens, and she shifts forward to crawl over to her Rumi.

Rumi shifts their legs over the edge of the chaise, and spreads them. They pat the surface of the chaise between their legs. "C'mere, bunny."

Momo hastens. She crawls right up to Rumi and slots her chin onto the chaise, nuzzling into Rumi's crotch.

"Good bunny," Rumi praises. They brush a hand to the spot beneath Momo's bunny ear, and she leans into the touch. "Good, good bunny. Let me see what you have here."

She lifts her head to protrude her neck. Momo is owned. Momo is bunny.

Rumi's fingers toy with Momo's nametag. "Momo-chan."

She's Momo-chan.

"Does Momo-chan want to be a good bunny?"

"Nnng," Momo-chan affirms with a bob of her head.

"Well, a good bunny stays off the furniture until invited."

Momo's brows quiver, and she scootches back from the chaise.

"Yes, Momo-chan, stay."

Momo's tongue presses against her teeth. She's a good bunny. She's a good bunny. She's a good bunny. Her leg twitches.

"I would like my good bunny to show me her adorable belly.

Momo whimpers. She can do that. She wants to do that.

She quivers as her legs slink out from under her into a cobra pose.

"Oh, what a good stretchy bunny," Rumi coos.

She's a good stretchy bunny. Momo-chan wiggles her hips, and then plops onto her side. She reaches her

arms over her head, stretches her legs beneath her, and makes a stretching noise as she shifts onto her back. Her leggies wiggle.

"Oh, so cute," Rumi praises.

Momo rolls sideways and arches, wriggling from stretched-out fingertips to pointed toes. The weight of her breasts flop with the movement, and Momo arches further with vigour.

"Oh my, Momo-chan. Do you need belly rubs?"

Momo writhes. Oh, yes she does.

Rumi leans forward with a hand. Yes yes yes yes! Momo wiggles into the outstretched fingers, and *purrs* when Rumi brushes the soft skin over her ribcage.

"Oh, that's a *good bunny.*" Rumi rubs, over Momo's belly, her hip, into the crux of her armpit and breast. "Momo-chan, so cute."

Momo wriggles and writhes and melts. Rumi massages the tender flesh of her breast, and Momo moans.

"You like that, eh, Momo-chan?"

Yes yes yes yes!

Momo *ruts*, pressing her chest off the floor in an attempt to get closer, closer closer—

—and Rumi pulls their hand *away*.

"Now, now," Rumi chastizes. "A proper bunny shows

their arousal by presenting. Think you can do that for me, Momo-chan?"

Yes, yes, Momo-chan is a good bunny. She rolls manically onto her hands and knees, shuffles around to display her pretty puffy tail and her leaking, needy fuckhole. Momo's nipples brush the floor beneath her, and she wiggles again before looking back at Rumi over her shoulder.

Rumi looks back with a sly ponder, their tongue dancing over their teeth.

Momo wiggles her hips, trying to sway her tail. Wanton heat pools in her groin. She *needs*.

"Hmm," Rumi muses.

Then—*then*—a blessed finger caresses the line of Momo's butt crack, and Momo whimpers.

"Pretty good." A hand grabs Momo's tail and *yanks*.

"Nnnh," Momo moans.

"Think this hole is big enough for me? I wouldn't want bunny to *break*."

Momo ruts her hips backward. Yes, yes, she wants it, she wants it.

One hand grasps the meat of Momo's ass, holding her wiggling hips steady. Another hand spreads her cheeks. A finger pokes at her hole, and Momo sucks in

a breath.

"Oh, you're already so wet."

Yes, yes, Momo's a good wet bunny.

"Momo-chan wants cock, doesn't she?"

Yes yes yes yes.

Then, Rumi's pressing against Momo's hole, no, it's too thick to be a finger, it's gotta be their cock. They're pressing their cock against Momo's fluttering, lubed rim and she whimper-whimper-*whimpers*.

"That's it, bunny." Rumi presses inside, just the tip, but it's enough.

Momo moans, and Rumi grunts, and endorphins simmer through Momo's nerves.

"Oh, you're so tight," Rumi says, sliding further inside. "Such a good bunny. Such a good fuckhole, Momo-chan."

"Nnnh!" Momo moans in a high pitch.

Rumi *thrusts*, their hips slapping against Momo's ass and their cock stretch stretch stretching her hole so so . . . so . . . *deliciously*.

Rumi fucks into her again, and then again, and sets a rhythm against Momo's moans.

Pressure builds in Momo's clit, and God, she wants to be touched. She wants release. She wants . . . Oh. Oh.

Momo whimpers, and her bladder twinges. Oh, why does she—she wants—why does . . .

"Nf," Momo moans against Rumi's thrusts, and oh, that's her *spot* that Rumi's prodding. Her bladder clenches.

"You feeling good, Momo-chan?"

"I need," she breathes in a frantic pitch. "I need to pee. Can I pee, please?"

Rumi continues their pace, maybe even speeds up, as they wordlessly bend forward to press their chest to Momo's back. Rumi's head slots beside Momo's, and their hand slinks around Momo's clit.

"Pee," Rumi whispers.

And against all better judgement, Momo does.

Bliss flitters in Momo's groin, and piss sprays from her in a warm burst. It comes and comes. Momo melts, and oh God, her hole clenches and Rumi's hand squeezes, and the piss is burning her now, and she *comes* she comes she comes.

Rumi's body goes heavy on Momo's back, their thrusts stuttering, and Momo knows Rumi's coming too—oh God, oh God.

Oh . . . God.

Urine coats Momo's belly and the hardwood floor

beneath her, and her gut sinks.

"Oh God, I'm so sorry," Momo blubbers.

Rumi plants a kiss to the crook of her neck. "You're good," they whisper. "Don't be embarrassed. That was super hot. You're a great bunny."

Momo sniffles. "I *peed*—"

"You're good. You're so good."

"Your hardwood!" Momo wails.

"I'll clean it, it's fine. Pee is great, and I'm so glad you shared it with me, Momo."

"Okay," Momo whispers in a small voice.

"You wanna go shower, bunny? Or lie down for a while?"

Momo trembles. "I . . ." Her abdomen feels *sticky* and it should be so *gross*, but . . . "Can we lie here for a little bit?"

"Of course, bunny."

Dirty Bunny

by Lilleeboi

For some reason, Tenya had been tasked with cleaning up after Hitoshi's mess. Again.

This was the second time in as many hours he had been called away from his other (more important) clinic duties to wipe down the urine dribbling over the lip of the only occupied cage along the wall. Yes, it was Hitoshi's, and yes, he had put it there on purpose. Frankly, Tenya didn't believe that Hitoshi didn't know better.

"Please stop spraying the kennel," Tenya said sharply, his whiskers twitching at the cloying scent. "It's in-

appropriate. Only dirty bunnies make a mess."

Hitoshi stared, smug and unsettling. The violet-ringed white of his eyes seemed to bore into Tenya. He looked entirely too relaxed for someone who had just wet himself, splayed comfortably in the corner where it was nice and dry, unlike the sopping wet cleaning cloth in Tenya's hand.

Being a rabbit hybrid himself, Tenya was well familiar with the physiology and urges of a patient like Hitoshi. Holding one's bladder—or at the very least, aiming—wasn't nearly as challenging as Hitoshi made it seem.

Let it be known that Tenya had never dealt with a patient quite so difficult, which was really saying something considering that this was a *behavioural* clinic. They dealt with behavioural problems every day, and, usually, Tenya liked his job as veterinary assistant very much.

Hitoshi was just another breed of infuriating.

Tenya placed the cleaning cloth back into its bucket gently so as not to splash. Once he had everything orderly, he reiterated, "Don't do this again."

He needed to get more order forms filled out before lunch; he didn't have *time* for another so-called "accident". What did he hope to accomplish with this? All behaviour had a meaning, a reason—that had been drilled into Tenya since he started working under Dr. Yamada's care—but whatever Hitoshi's reason was, it was lost on Tenya.

"Wait," Hitoshi called, and Tenya nearly dropped the bucket.

"What is it, Hitoshi?" Tenya put on his best cage-side manner.

"I want out."

"Pardon?" He had to be *joking*. Whatever the reason behind Hitoshi's behaviour was, Tenya could confidently scratch *marking territory* off the figurative list.

The bars rattled as Hitoshi yanked on them. "It's like a prison in here. I need more room."

That was rich. Hitoshi had been the one to complain—loudly, mind you—about being in the open pen with the other patients. When Dr. Yamada hadn't listened, Hitoshi had caused problems *on purpose* and had to be separated from them. Plus, the cage was roomy, and it was certainly large enough for a hybrid of Hitoshi's size.

"I'm afraid I'm not allowed to let dirty bunnies gallivant around the clinic." Tenya thumped his foot loudly before turning on his heel.

Ever since Hitoshi's guardian had dropped him off at the clinic, Tenya had found himself with a sudden pain in the neck. It wasn't long before Dr. Yamada had put Tenya on *Hitoshi Duty* indefinitely. At first, in all honesty, Tenya had been excited for the challenge of

monitoring such a troubled patient. But Hitoshi was more than challenging; he was irritating: rude, lazy, and (worst of all) *disruptive*. Tenya hated it.

With bucket and cloth safely back in the supply cubby, Tenya got back to work cataloguing the snack supply. As a behavioural clinic, they went through food rewards like there was no tomorrow. Clearly not on account of Hitoshi, though.

He grabbed his clipboard and picked up where he'd left off before Hitoshi had so rudely interrupted him. They were running low on most of their stock; he'd need to fill out new bulk order forms for Dr. Yamada to put in the order. Tenya *would* do that part himself, but, well, companies wouldn't like it if they knew they were dealing with someone whose signature wasn't legally binding.

Regardless of any of that, Tenya was finally

able to focus on the job in front of him, now that Hitoshi had been properly dealt with. Still, he couldn't help looking over every few seconds—to make sure he wasn't up to no good, not because Tenya was *interested*. (Although, Hitoshi's fur was a lovely shade of lavender, especially where the fur swirled on the soft bottoms of his paws.)

Hitoshi stared back at Tenya, eyes lurid and unchanging. "Like what you see?" he called.

Tenya huffed and promptly turned his attention back to the dry pantry. They'd be needing a new order of Sunniez™ Freeze-Dried Carrot Coins soon. Maybe if Hitoshi could just be a good bunny and get his act together, he'd get to try some one of these days. For now, Tenya wouldn't be going out of his way to dish out the *good* snacks to a bunny who didn't even try.

"Hey, fluffbutt!"

Tenya didn't even bother to swivel an ear in acknowledgement; he kept his head down, finalizing the catalogue order.

But Hitoshi continued, "Is your ass as fluffy as it looks?" and his smirk was audible.

"My buttocks are none of your business, Hitoshi."

"Mmm, and that's why you keep wiggling your tail

in my direction."

Tenya had a feeling those carrot coins were a *long* way off.

"Tenya . . ." Hitoshi whined, rattling the bars again.

"What is it?" Tenya eyed the empty food dish in Hitoshi's cage. At least he was mature enough to not overturn his bowl like a petulant kit. Well, either that or he was very food-motivated, and both scenarios were good in Tenya's book. "Are you hungry?"

Hitoshi's nose twitched. "Are you offering?"

Tenya bit back a scathing remark. Instead, he said, "We're not going to let you starve."

Hitoshi had the nerve to snort. His eyes rolled back, and Tenya wondered if employing that level of sass was physically painful. "What's for lunch then?"

Tenya had the feeling he was being made fun of. He pursed his lips, tucking the finished order forms under his arm. "I'll be right back."

But Dr. Yamada wasn't in his office, and he wasn't outside with the other hybrids, and he wasn't in the lab or the reception room. It wasn't until Tenya circled back to the office and poked his head inside and saw a hastily scribbled note in Dr. Yamada's signature atrocious scrawl, accompanied by a crudely drawn smiley face,

that Tenya realized the doctor was altogether absent from the clinic.

Went out for lunch with staff—be back soon!!! Please leave forms on my desk!!! 😃

Tenya's ears drooped. He was on his own then, and knowing Dr. Yamada, "soon" could mean anything from thirty minutes to three hours. Tenya would bet on the latter.

He set down the forms, as instructed, and hopped over toward the stepstool and filing cabinet behind Dr. Yamada's desk. The key was, predictably, left inside the cabinet's lock, so Tenya could open it and close it as needed. He thumbed through the files—identical ecru classification folders, all in alphabetical order—until he found the one he was looking for and gently tugged.

"Let's see," he murmured, flipping through the sections. "Diet, diet. . . ."

None of the documents (except for the now-defunct treatment schedule, for which the rewards were 5 grams of cilantro) mentioned what food Hitoshi should be given.

Honestly, sometimes Tenya wondered how Dr. Yamada had managed to eek through veterinary school and start his own hybrid clinic with this sort of absent-

mindedness. Well, that's what Tenya was for, he supposed. He puffed up proudly. He'd proven himself more than worthy for the position of veterinary assistant over the past several years . . . surely, he could manage to feed a patient without the doctor's management for once; it wasn't as if it were a foreign concept to him. Perhaps some (cautious) dietary freedom would do Hitoshi some good—satisfy some need within him to control his environment without lashing out.

Then something caught Tenya's eye. He frowned softly. Right there, the chart said "night wetting", "biting"—okay, well, that tracked. But "social anxiety"—in what world?

So far, Hitoshi had been sojourning at the clinic like it was some kind of babysitting service rather than a treatment centre. Attention seeking and spraying the cage? That didn't seem like social anxiety to Tenya, but then again, Tenya wasn't any specialist. He was just a (very productive, very organized) bunny.

Tenya sighed and replaced the chart in Dr. Yamada's filing cabinet, but now he couldn't shake the echo of Hitoshi's words—*prison*, he had called it, like it was *cruel* to keep him in there. So Hitoshi was dramatic. If asked, Tenya would maintain his staunch position;

cooperate with the open pen or stay inside. But part of Tenya couldn't deny, even just privately to himself, that perhaps . . . perhaps Tenya was being too harsh, letting a personal prejudice cloud his moral and ethical judgment.

Well, regardless, it was lunchtime.

When he returned, Hitoshi's . . . *smell* had permeated the entire room, much stronger than he remembered. Tenya had to admit, it wasn't entirely unpleasant. In fact, there was something strangely attractive about it—if his nose twitched, it was involuntary, and no one had to know why.

"Done schmoozing with your humans?" The other hybrid was still in the cage. Of course, where else would he be? His face and neck were pressed to the bars, as if he was trying to squeeze through them, or get his scent all over them trying.

"No schmoozing to be had," Tenya replied. "It's just us in the building at the moment, I'm afraid."

"I'm sure they don't mind leaving you along since you're so uptight about everything, right? No offense," Shinsou said, but he was sneering as he said it.

"None taken."

Tenya was what Dr. Yamada liked to call "straight-

laced"; he knew that, was *proud* of that. There was a reason, he thought, that he had snagged such a prestigious position, and it was more than just luck or connections. He'd been born from good breeding, sure, but still for the purpose of being a pet. And yet *Tenya* was not the one behind bars here. *Tenya* was not the one drinking from a drip-style water bottle affixed to the wall and urinating it right back out onto the floor. Tenya drank from a cup. Tenya used a toilet. Tenya had a *person's* job.

So no, he wasn't offended.

"We're just trying to help you, Hitoshi. I don't know why you make it so hard."

Hitoshi didn't say anything then. He didn't look so smug anymore, his smile frozen in place like to let it fall would be admitting weakness. To Tenya, he appeared suddenly small, quiescent.

"I'm going to have some timothy hay. Would that suit you for lunch?" It was comfort food.

"Sure."

"Excellent," Tenya nodded, pleased. "Oh, and Dr. Yamada wants to try a new treatment schedule with you—tomorrow. Is there some kind of reward you'd prefer to the cilantro? I could put in a request."

Hitoshi hesitated. "No," he said, "the cilantro is fine."

Good.

Tenya didn't eat with Hitoshi; he filled Hitoshi's bowl and then took an identical one for himself on the opposite side of the room. The tension felt thick as he hopped up onto his chair to eat at one of the counters with the utensil Dr. Yamada had gotten for him—two short chopsticks with a spring-like mechanism connecting them like tongs. Every time he so much as looked Hitoshi's way (which happened to be right in Tenya's line of view if he lifted his head), Hitoshi was looking right back, trying to make eye contact as he noshed up hay from his bowl. It should have made Tenya uncomfortable.

It *did* make Tenya uncomfortable. But it also made him want to keep looking, to figure out *why*. It was like a game—for both of them, he thought, though likely for completely different reasons.

He thought back to Hitoshi's chart; to the "social anxiety" that he had so readily scoffed at. It may have seemed far-fetched, but he quailed now at his own impatience with Hitoshi earlier that morning. Even if Dr. Yamada, or Hitoshi's owners, were wrong, he shouldn't have insulted a patient. It was counterproductive. And now that Hitoshi wasn't heckling him, wasn't spraying,

wasn't being bad or dirty at all, it was much easier for Tenya to view him in a sympathetic light. It was even cute, almost, the way he was so docile now.

Hitoshi was still eating when Tenya put his own bowl and utensil away.

"Hitoshi," he called cautiously.

Hitoshi paused to lift his head, and Tenya was made suddenly aware of how much the sound of Hitoshi's munching had been filling the space.

"I'm sorry," Tenya said, gut twisting with gentle guilt, "about earlier. I lost my patience with you, and I said some harmful things to you. It won't happen again."

There was that characteristic stare.

"You don't have to forgive—"

"Oh, I'll forgive you"—Hitoshi's ears both perked straight up, and he was grinning now—"if you let me out."

"Hitoshi. . . ." Tenya trailed off. He dragged a paw down his face in conflict. "It may be true that I was unkind earlier, but I still have rules to follow. You understand that, don't you?"

"Please?" Hitoshi performed an exaggerated batting of his eyelashes before he sombered and said, "I just want to stretch my legs for a few minutes."

Well . . . Dr. Yamada still wasn't back yet and probably wouldn't be for a while. Tenya was a responsible assistant . . . he could manage one patient for a few minutes.

"I'll be good. Promise."

And, perhaps foolishly, Tenya believed him.

His palms prickled as he reached up to open the cage, and as the well-oiled door swung open, propelled by Hitoshi's paw, Tenya felt breath humid on his ears. For a bunny, he sure looked awfully wolfish, gaze suddenly hot and hungry as he hopped down. Not for the first time, Tenya noticed the strength of Hitoshi's legs, strong as a jackrabbit, despite his lack of pure breeding, and certainly strong enough to do damage if he really wanted to.

"Look at you," Hitoshi said, now standing with his chest flush to Tenya's, ears perked in something akin to interest, "in your button-up shirt."

Tenya gulped and looked down at himself as Hitoshi plucked at the top button. What was wrong with his button-up?

"Silly little bunny, you don't need to wear clothes, do you?"

Tenya *liked* wearing clothes, he—

"Why play dress-up when you've got all this fluff under there you could be showing off instead?" Hitoshi's hand had already done its work unbuttoning, sliding under to card through the soft fur on Tenya's chest; Bourbonnais blue, perfect pedigree.

"What are you doing, Hitoshi?" Tenya tried to keep his voice even. He had to look up to meet Hitoshi's eye—he almost qualified as tall when he stood up straight like he was now.

"What does it look like?"

Hitoshi tilted his chin down to nuzzle Tenya, and for a moment, Tenya reciprocated. But the thought of their promise made him recoil. When he stepped back, Tenya nearly tripped, catching himself just in time to preserve his dignity, or at least enough to tell himself he had.

"Hitoshi," he said firmly, reprimanding, but his voice quavered. "If you're going to stretch your legs in the lab, you need to be good like you promised."

Heart thundering in his ears, Tenya hopped to his workstation, fixing his shirt as he went. Hitoshi was right on his heels.

"Where are you going?" Hitoshi asked like he already knew the answer.

"I—" Tenya floundered. "It's confidential," he snapped.

"I didn't think you were the type to fib," Hitoshi said, paws circling around Tenya's waist from behind. Then he added, "Well, maybe you're not, since you're clearly bad at it."

His teeth found Tenya's nape, nibbling and chinning until Tenya was squirming, aroused.

"Th-this is not what I would call being *good*, Hitoshi."

"No? You seem to be enjoying yourself."

"Even so, this is highly—" Tenya cut off, interrupted by his own gasp as Hitoshi pinned his chest to the floor, drove his weight down so Tenya's movement was limited to however much he could wriggle his hind paws. "Highly improper," he finished, flushing so deeply he could feel it in the tips of his ears.

He tried to remember the last time this floor had been properly mopped, couldn't recall, and found himself suddenly too flustered to care, as something firm and warm was prodding the fluff at his backside.

"I lied. I don't want to stretch my legs; there's something else I want," Hitoshi said, jaw fretting over Tenya's fur wherever his scent glands could reach, marking Tenya as if he were nothing more than territory, "and

you're the only one who can give it to me."

"Are you sure? Dr. Yamada—"

"The doctor isn't who I need, Tenya," Hitoshi snickered, "silly bunny. Are you really this oblivious?"

No. He wasn't. And he wouldn't let Hitoshi think that, not after how hard he'd worked to prove himself as a smart bunny. And not after he'd gotten so worked up himself as to actually *want*—

"You have no idea how much I wanted to do this." Hitoshi ran his paws along Tenya's fluff, tracing his underbun crease through the thick fur. "I've been watching your"—he squeezed—"cute little cotton tail strut around this lab like you own the place, all while I was trapped inside that cage, longing to touch you here."

Tenya's gut clenched as Hitoshi squeezed again. "Don't make a mess," he pleaded.

He was caught between his instincts and his values, a breathlessness to his voice from the way he was mentally running back and forth between two desires. He really, really didn't want Hitoshi to make a mess all over the floor. But he also really, shamefully, wanted Hitoshi to finish what he'd started.

"Aw, but my bladder is so full . . ." Hitoshi crooned,

"and you know how itty bitty my bladder is, Tenya."

Tenya snorted. "Is that your idea of dirty talk? Reminding me of how many times I've cleaned up after you this week?"

Hitoshi's voice was low, sultry when he said, "Some bunnies really like it, you know."

Despite himself, Tenya shivered pleasantly at Hitoshi's breath on his neck. And he wasn't lying; Tenya knew—had *seen*—the way other bunnies seemed to go wild for a little squirt of urine before copulating. An instinct he thought he'd somehow bypassed—until now, perhaps.

It hit him then just how real this was. Straight-laced Iida Tenya, bunny-of-the-month more times than he could remember, with a perfect track record, was about to have sex with a patient.

"What if I just go inside you then?"

"Oh—" *Ohhh* . . . that was much too appealing, wasn't it? It shouldn't have been.

"Think you could keep it all inside?"

"Yes." He could do that, hold it in, and then Hitoshi wouldn't make a mess, and Dr. Yamada would never know this had happened—

Hitoshi's shaft, hardly worth noticing when he was

lying idle in the cage, was impossible to ignore now, so erect it seemed to sear where it made contact with Tenya's flank.

"Good bunny."

He thrust into Tenya once, twice, like it was easy, and pressed in deep. Tenya let out a whimper, desperately trying to lift his hips—as if that would help—chin digging into the chill linoleum where Hitoshi was keeping him with a paw to his back. Heat pooled inside him, quite literally, and Tenya was filled with a sudden panic at the foreign sensation; all at once, it felt like it was about to spill out. He wasn't sure if it was the strange sensation or the thrill of it all, but he felt himself throb, and he moaned, voice stuttering.

He was hyperaware of the liquid filling him in short bursts, until eventually he could barely feel anything at all. Hitoshi tucked his free paw under Tenya's hips, gently stroking the soft belly fur as he began to shift.

Tenya clamped down reflexively.

"You're gonna keep it all in, right?" And then he laughed. "What was it you said earlier? Only dirty bunnies make a mess?"

In Tenya's defence, it had been a stress-induced comment. And he had apologized, although it sounded

much worse to hear it again out loud.

"Guess you'd better be a good bunny for me now, Tenya."

Tenya began to protest—of course he would be good—but then Hitoshi was withdrawing completely, and it took all of his focus to make sure it was true.

"Hold it," Hitoshi encouraged. He sounded amused.

Oh no. Tenya was sure he could feel it sloshing inside him. Whether it was a paranoid imagination or a real probability, Tenya didn't care; his heart was racing nonetheless. He kept his tail to the sky, clenching around nothing and hoping it would stay that way.

Hitoshi pressed forward again, and met resistance. "Come on, Tenya," he murmured, "let me in."

And cautiously, Tenya did.

"*Ohhh*—" Hitoshi's groan filled the room as he sunk in. "You're so fucking full, aren't you?"

Tenya didn't feel that bore a verbal response, but an *eek* escaped his throat as Hitoshi thrust forward, jostling Tenya and everything inside him. Each hit sent Tenya scrambling for purchase on a surface that offered none. Hitoshi wasn't wrong—he *did* feel full; an almost-pleasant ache in his lower abdomen setting him on edge in more ways than one.

"Okay, hold it," Hitoshi said.

Tenya couldn't even get the "pardon?" out of his mouth before Hitoshi was pulling out again, and urine spurted from him. His face had never felt so hot before, shame seeping through him like water through a cloth.

"Whoops," Hitoshi said, lackluster, "guess you couldn't hold it in after all."

Tenya shook—the overwhelming smell, dampening his fur and making it clump together wherever it touched. He could see it running along the floor in his periphery.

"Who's a dirty bunny now?" Hitoshi chuckled, rutting lazily against Tenya's thigh.

"I am," Tenya said, strangled.

"Oh, I didn't think you would actually admit it. This is too good," Hitoshi said. "Say it again."

"I am."

"'I am' . . . *what*?"

Tenya hesitated, teeth digging into his lower lip painfully.

"Oh, come on," Hitoshi sneered. "What are you, Tenya?"

Tenya felt his insides squeeze. "*I'm a dirty bunny,*" he whispered.

"That's right." Hitoshi grabbed him by the ears, and suddenly Tenya's chest was off the floor.

He could have kicked backward, knocked Hitoshi off-balance and fled. Instead, he yielded. Hitoshi handled him with little grace as he dragged him through quickly cooling urine and laid him back-down into the centre of the mess. It had already soaked through his shirt by the time Hitoshi was pressing Tenya's knees to his own chest.

Hitoshi angled himself downward, missing Tenya's entrance the first few times before he mewled in frustration and used a paw to guide himself. His hips snapped in quick succession. Tenya's breathing sped up along with the sudden uptick in rhythm. His moans were quiet but frequent, staccato and hiccuped each time Hitoshi punched one out of him.

It was filthy. All of it. The wet floor; his shirt racked up around his armpits; the thick, cloying smell of Hitoshi that was everywhere.

"Fuck," Hitoshi moaned low, jackrabbitting into Tenya like he was chasing something. "I'd say 'too bad', but I'd be lying"—he grunted—"if I said I wasn't hoping to get you all disheveled and dirty like this. I knew you wouldn't last."

"I—am sorry." Tenya felt his cheeks flame again. He had *tried*. "I—didn't mean to."

"It's okay, dirty bunny. You look good like this—"

Hitoshi groaned obscenely, breathy. And if Tenya hadn't known any better, he would've said Hitoshi sounded shy. Looked shy, too, with his ears angled back and his brow furrowed in a grimace as he ejaculated across Tenya's stomach and chin, white painting pretty contrast against the dark blue of his button-up.

Tenya had thought that the urine now on the floor was all of it. But now that Hitoshi had pulled out again and set his hips back down, he could tell that wasn't true; the rest trickled out, still warm from being inside his body, and joined the puddle surrounding them on the floor.

Hitoshi's chest was heaving. His big white eyes were wide, as if surprised even with himself.

Something bubbled up in Tenya's chest, the kind of tears that clog the throat but never reach the eyes. The feeling was anger, he decided.

He stood up and, very gingerly, hopped over to Hitoshi cage. "In." He pointed. "Now."

"Yessir," Hitoshi said, infuriatingly pleased-sounding, and obeyed.

Tenya was *angry* and *humiliated*. For what? For a tug of longing in his stomach any time he so much as looked Hitoshi in the eye? For the bitter taste of having lost something? For the knowledge that despite all he'd done to elevate himself, Tenya had just stooped to the level of a trollop bunny, and—

And Tenya didn't want it to be over yet; *not like this*.

"Sorry about the mess," Hitoshi whispered. He was lying. Again.

But it was Tenya's fault, after all, for trusting in the first place, wasn't it? He turned away, preparing to clean up the evidence, hopefully before Dr. Yamada stepped foot in the building.

"Y'know," Hitoshi said, and Tenya paused to listen with one ear cocked. "Cilantro is a pretty shitty reward, but I think I'd be motivated to behave for the doctor if I knew you'd let me do that again."

Tenya pursed his lips and shuddered, every inch of himself fizzing with an energy he didn't know what to do with.

"Well?" Hitoshi goaded.

"We'll see."

Rope Boy Bimbo

by Yurusarenai

Shouto had been hiding the suit in the back of his closet for weeks. He'd bought it in anticipation of tonight—his and Katsuki's anniversary—and he hadn't even tried it on. Amidst all the other preparations he'd been doing, it had somehow . . . slipped his mind. So here he was, spreading it out on the bed, smoothing out the wrinkles and hoping it would fit right. Finding lingerie that fit his big boy, masculine proportions could be a struggle. Fortunately, he knew how to use double-sided tape.

The bunny suit was what some people might call "garish". It was made of a shiny black pleather material

that did not do well in artificial light. Fortunately, tonight was going to be a candlelight affair, the lights low and sensual, so Shouto thought he could get away with it. Sheer netting held it together on the sides, meaning that it provided barely any coverage at all. Unless, of course, you counted the massive white tail on the back, which was poofy enough to poke past his sides, viewable even from the front. It was almost like built-in seating, it was so expansive.

Combine that with fishnet leggings, pumps with carrots plastered on the side, and a studded pleather collar, and he was basically ready. Oh, and the ears. The ridiculous, oversized white ears, arching above his head like furry antennae. He felt the weight of it push his hair down.

Heavy was the crown.

Surveying himself in the mirror, Shouto had to admit: he looked ridiculous. But ridiculous in a charming way, like those children who wore bowties to school. He was clearly out of his element, but also, this was what Katsuki had wanted. Or at least, what he had observed in Shouto.

You'd make a damn fine rope bunny.

Those had been the words Katsuki had said, and

Shouto had decided to make his dreams a literal reality. After all, he was fantastic at interpreting his partner's needs and intuiting what he wanted, which when he was partnered to someone as emotionally constipated as Katsuki, was basically a prerequisite for relationship survival.

Turning around, Shouto gave his hips a jostle, enjoying the ripple that scended through the massive tail. Yeah. Definitely a conversation starter. Now all that was left was . . . everything else. He had a lot of prep to do before Katsuki got home.

Maybe he should have put the bunny suit on *after*, but it was important to get into character for these sorts of things. After a bit of time moving around in it, Shouto really felt like he was becoming one with the ridiculous getup, achieving a sort of "bunny transcendence".

Candles were lit, flower petals scattered, the tools for tonight arrayed on the nightstand. All that was missing was his beloved, hot-tempered partner, so Shouto settled into the bed to wait.

Finally, he heard the distant combo *creak-thump* of the front door opening and closing. Not being a complete idiot, Katsuki knew what day it was, and when he couldn't find Shouto in the front room, he deduced his

way right back to the bedroom.

Katsuki really is a clever lad.

The door to their bedroom opened, and Katsuki looked him up and down, eyes dragging over his partner sitting cross-legged on the bed.

"Bunny suit, huh?" he said, closing the door behind him. His eyes darted to the candles, the rose petals. He was smirking, smug as could be. "All right, I can get into this."

Shifting to his feet, Shouto gestured to the bed.

"Strip and get on there," he ordered.

The command in his voice gave Katsuki temporary pause as he tried to suss out the situation. However, the man was more surprised than turned off, and after a moment, he did as Shouto commanded.

"Not the scenario I was expecting, but sure," Katsuki said, rolling his shirt up and over his head, revealing his tanned, athletic body like sunlight breaking over rolling fields of grain.

Tonight, he was going to be Shouto's personal Elysium.

Much like the animal he was currently cosplaying as, Shouto hopped on top of Katsuki, pinning him to the bed and knocking the breath out of the man's lungs.

"Fucking shit, Sho, give me some warning," Katsuki grumbled. However, he did not accompany the action with violence, which meant that he didn't *mean* it.

Shouto leaned over, reaching for the supplies on the nightstand. This had the wonderful side effect of shoving his tits thoroughly in Katsuki's face. This outfit was designed to accentuate them, pushing them up and out, and even top surgery couldn't combat the power of a good bust line. Shouto was looking top heavy tonight. He didn't miss the way Katsuki breathed in, getting a good whiff of his scent. The pervert.

That was okay. Shouto was a pervert, too.

Pulling back, Shouto brandished the soft twist of rope, coiled around itself like the tail of a slumbering dragon.

"Know what this is?" he asked.

Katsuki's eyes traced it, and his tongue darted out—once—to wet his lips.

"Really?" he asked. "Tonight's activity is you dressing up as a furry and then tying me down? Shouldn't that be the other way around?"

"You wanted to dress as the furry?"

"No, I meant—usually isn't it the bunny getting trussed up?"

Ah. Shouto supposed that made sense, but . . .

"You said you wanted a rope bunny, so here I am."

To this, Katsuki just rolled his eyes, but he didn't protest. That meant Shouto was free to begin the delicate art of working Katsuki's body, winding his limbs together.

A quick single-column tie around the thighs, and Katsuki wouldn't be spreading his legs anytime soon. It was a brute of a knot, not elegant, but it was the groundwork for more beautiful things–namely, a suspension point. From this spun the bowline, long and tenuous like a spider's thread, and every bit as powerful.

Their bed was a canopy, which Katsuki had insisted was a dumb choice at the time. He had said it made him feel like a princess, sleeping covered over by soft tulle, and Shouto had failed to see how that could be a bad thing. Canopy beds were cool. Sort of like haute couture blanket forts.

Tonight, their canopy was serving a more utilitarian purpose. Shouto had reinforced it, which had been a feat and a half, considering he was not an engineer and also a failure at arts and crafts. Still, he had managed, and the result was a frame that could bear the weight of a full grown man.

He slung his rope over one edge, securing it off for the time being. Now to get the other half.

The rope harness allowed for a bit more creativity. Its purpose was to distribute the weight across a wider area, so it wouldn't all focus on one point and be painful. This was done through twists and turns, a scattering of the rope across his body. It wound, twisting over itself in beautiful spirals, across Katsuki's abs, between his pecs, under his arms. Through it all, Katsuki sat patient. It was so rare to see the man still. He was defined by his movement as much as by his constant lust for violence. But for now, he was enchanted by the dance of rope.

"How the fuck did you get so good at this?" Katsuki asked, craning his head to look back at Shouto. The man was almost done, and was now winding the rope back to create another suspension point.

"You know what they say: practise makes perfect."

"Okay, but like, where did you practise? And with *who*?"

At this, Shouto smirked playfully, leaning in close and breathing, "Oh? Are you feeling jealous?"

"If you're tying someone up, I want to know. Call it professional curiosity."

Again, the rope was tossed over the nearby canopy, brought back down and fed under the main twist of rope, pulled until taut, until Katsuki felt the tug and the way his body was ever so slightly hoisted upwards.

"Just myself," Shouto replied, absently chewing his lip.

This part required a lot of concentration, and he had admittedly practised it less. While his body had made a good canvas for the basic knots, the actual suspension had been . . . more theoretical than anything. It was hard to tie oneself to the ceiling.

"Yourself, huh?" Katsuki huffed. "See, I knew you'd make a good rope bunny."

"Thanks."

Shouto was tugging then, putting his back into it as he carefully, slowly, hoisted Katsuki into the air. To his credit, the man didn't let out any sound as he ascended like a morning star towards their bedroom ceiling. Then again, this was a man that flew around by the propulsion of his own bodily fluids, so he was more acquainted with being airborne than some. But that was always under his own power. Right now, the only power he was under was Shouto's. Definitely Shouto's.

One half at a time, Shouto tied him up, winding the

rope over itself to prevent sliding, securing it off with a quick-release knot. Repeat it on the other side, and he had himself a hoisted Katsuki. Granted, he had only elevated the man a couple of feet, but no point of him touched the bed.

Katsuki gave an experimental wiggle, feeling the way he rocked back and forth from the ropes—weightless.

"Damn," he said, impressed. "Are you . . . sure this is safe?"

There was the slightest edge of nerves to his voice, like a sharp metal object submerged beneath sand, waiting for Shouto to stumble over it. It was never like Katsuki to admit when he was anxious, at least not in so many words. No, he'd play the part of the tough guy, acting like nothing in the world bothered him, until he boiled over.

Unfortunately for him, Shouto enjoyed provoking him, and he was always, unfailingly, honest.

"Mm, this is my first time actually doing the full thing, so it's anyone's guess," he admitted. He didn't miss the way Katsuki tensed up in response, a growl caught in his throat. "But hey, even if you fall, the bed is soft, right?"

Katsuki grumbled something that might have been

an agreement. Good enough for Shouto. It was on to stage two.

Reaching over, Shouto plucked the crop from the nightstand. This was no stranger to their bedroom activities, and both of them had wielded it at one point or the other. So when he brushed the leather tip across Katsuki's back, the man shivered in recognition.

Shouto trailed it across his body, up and down, following the winding rope. He could tell Katsuki was tense, waiting for the moment that crop would snap across his flesh. Shouto was waiting for it too, and part of the fun was in drawing it out, making his partner guess when it would be used. Tonight, Shouto felt like taking it slow. He felt like dragging this out until the tight knot of anxiety in his partner melted away.

Winning over Katsuki held the same thrill as winning over a feral cat. The man was always so guarded and, frankly, prickly, that earning his trust was a badge of pride. So the fact that he would let Shouto do this, bind and display him like a fish on a line, well . . . Shouto might get a bit sentimental thinking about it.

"It's super fucking hard to take you seriously as a dom in that bunny suit," Katsuki grumbled, eying the enormous, fluffy protrusion from Shouto's ass.

In response to this accusation, Shouto shook his hips, sending the cumulus patch at his posterior trembling. Katsuki could protest, but they both knew that the suit fit him well. His natural state was that of a himbo.

As Shouto explored his lover's body, he tested the ropes with a push and a prod, making sure they weren't binding too tight, no risk of cutting off circulation. What was the point of bringing out the crop if he went numb and couldn't feel it?

"How are you feeling?" he asked, tracing the rope around one buttock.

"Good. Like . . . surprisingly good," Katsuki admitted. "It's like I'm weightless. Floating."

Indeed, the tension in his body had subsided, leaving only relaxed, sublime Kacchan. It was odd to see the man so chill and at peace. Shouto had to wonder if maybe his limbs *were* getting his circulation cut off. Best to make sure.

Crack.

"Fuck!"

Katsuki squirms in the bonds, looking over his shoulder and giving Shouto the full smolder. His gaze was hot enough to fry eggs with, and Shouto returned

that glare with an absent smirk of his own, twirling his riding crop triumphantly.

"What was that for?" Katsuki growled.

"Just making sure you haven't lost feeling."

That and it was loads of fun. It hadn't been a hard smack, just enough to jolt his senses, bring him back to the present. But now that he had the man's undivided, undiluted attention, he was going to use it.

Shouto aimed the crop squarely between the man's thighs, to the easy target of his slightly chubby dick. The sound it let out was immensely satisfying, somewhere between a decaying pumpkin hitting pavement and the crisp splash of a fish returning to water. And that was just the sound of crop against tender balls. The wail that Katsuki unleashed? Even more delicious.

"Shit! Fuck! Jesus! That's a lot."

None of those words included stop, or even their safeword, so Shouto continued. Repeatedly, he let the crop swat that tender bit of flesh, enjoying the way it made his partner twist and howl. Katsuki was a live wire, ever contorting into different positions, unable to hold himself still. Most miraculously of all, his dick seemed to be enjoying the stimulation, growing redder and also *harder*.

"Your masochistic side is showing," Shouto noted.

"And your little bitch side is showing. Come on, don't just tease me all night!"

Since he was insisting, Shouto figured it was time to make this experience more hands-on. Or at least mouths-on.

With careful precision, Shouto lowered the ropes, doing the bit of untwisting and retwisting that allowed him to maneuver Katsuki like a marionette. He got the man so he hung only scant inches above the surface of the bed, hovering over it like a bug over water. This also meant that when Shouto stood by the side of the bed, Katsuki was right at crotch height—just where he belonged.

The poor bunny suit was getting pretty damp, absolutely soiled with Shouto's excitement. Since he had grown quite fond of the enormous tail and bunny regalia, Shouto decided it would be better to merely pry the leotard to the side, revealing the protruding, excited piece of meat between his legs that currently begged for attention.

Grabbing the ropes, he pulled Katsuki forward until the man's nose grazed the downy, dual-coloured carpeting of Shouto's bush.

"Suck," Shouto ordered.

"You're not gonna take the tacky bunny ears off?" Katsuki asked, clearly annoyed.

"No. The bunny ears stay on during sex."

By now, Katsuki knew it was pointless to try and argue with his space-case of a lover. When Shouto set his mind on something, such as dressing up as a bunny while they fucked, there really wasn't any point in arguing. So Katsuki extended his tongue, giving an eager flick across Shouto's dick.

The man always had been good with his mouth. Shouto shuddered, feeling his core clench and something flood through—and out of—himself. It was that warm feeling of want and need, the satisfaction of another person taking care of him. Katsuki craned forward, his lips sealing around the protrusion of flesh to create the most sublime of suction. Shouto bit his lip and hissed through his teeth, completely wrapped up in the feel of it.

When Katsuki bobbed his head, it made the entire rope contraption rock, sent him swinging softly. He just used that to his advantage, the inertia allowing him to bob more.

Shouto groaned low in his throat, knuckles white

where they wrapped around red rope. Always in his life everything was red on white, and this was no exception. The bloodless knuckles, the crimson of shibari cord. Katsuki's pink, wet lips against his pale, sun-shielded skin.

For his part, Katsuki sucked like he was stranded in the Sahara and was trying to siphon the last bit of moisture out of a Capri Sun. He sucked hard, cheeks flapping like the gills of a suffocating fish. Shouto was never enough to choke on, but that just meant Katsuki could suck all the harder, not having to worry about his air supply getting cut off.

After several minutes of intense oral, Shouto came. The man was quick about it, never one to hold back when he wanted something, and he rolled his hips slowly and intently into Katsuki's mouth. All the while, his breathing was the staccato of deep satisfaction.

When he released Katsuki and allowed the man to swing back, all the blond could say was, "I think I might be a rope bunny."

"Hm? Well, only one of us gets to wear the ears tonight. And this bunny is ready to breed."

Shouto picked up the next item from the nightstand: his strap. He didn't miss the hungry way Katsuki

watched him as he slipped it on. The neon blue harness contrasted with the simple black of the bunny suit, and it took a bit of finangling to work them over the tail. Shouto managed. He wasn't about to take this thing off. Meanwhile, Katsuki was practically drooling for some dick. In a rare show of charity, Shouto didn't make him wait for it.

Pumping a handful of lube into his palm, Shouto slicked up the strap and circled behind Katsuki. His legs had been trussed up so that they were tucked underneath him, leaving his ass easily accessed. And like this, he was at the perfect height, almost like he was some fancy onahole.

When Shouto pressed in, he had to hold the ropes back so that Katsuki wouldn't just rock away. It wasn't the easiest sex he'd ever had in his life, but there was something satisfying about finally angling the man right, getting him to slide down on that dick just so, that made it well worth the effort.

With the way Katsuki's arms were bound, he looked slimmer than normal. Just a waif of a man, completely helpless as Shouto used him. From the sounds he made, that wasn't a problem at all. He groaned and purred, deep, satisfied sounds leaking out of him.

"You like that?" Shouto asked, tugging on the ropes. "Like being tied up and used?"

"M-maybe," Katsuki ground back.

They found a rhythm. Just like with the oral, it was impossible to do any sort of movement without causing a rocking. The trick was to work with it, not against it, and Shouto found such a way that sent Katsuki swinging back on him like the world's filthiest metronome, a steady beat that tore a little cry from him every time.

It was times like this that the border between Shouto and his strap felt permeable, as if they bled into each other. It didn't matter that there were no nerve endings in the thing—when he saw the way Katsuki squeezed around it, how it disappeared in and out of him, Shouto felt an echo of pleasure through his body. It was the same with the rest of the bunny suit. With every thrust, his massive tail undulated, his ears quivered. He felt like he was becoming one with the bunny suit—a true bunny boy bimbo. He was at peace.

Katsuki, on the other hand, looked like he was experiencing purgatory. He swore and made vague appeals to a deity to let him cum already. Unfortunately, the closest he had to a deity in the room with him was Shouto. The man kept a steady rhythm, not letting his

hips falter as he snapped into his partner.

"I can't fucking move," Katsuki sobbed. "You gotta touch my dick for me."

"No," Shouto grunted back. "Come with your ass or not at all."

It took several minutes more of pounding to make any progress.

Katsuki whined, but trussed up like Thanksgiving dinner, there was nothing he could do besides squeeze his eyes shut and will his cock to cooperate. The thing was leaking, bobbing along with the movements of the swaying rope. His orgasm was just outside of his reach, taunting him.

Typically, it took stimulation directly to his dick to get him over the edge, but Shouto firmly denied him that option. Instead, he had no choice but to clench down hard, pulling Shouto's strap deep inside him and trying to rut against his prostate.

When Katsuki's orgasm finally came, it washed over him like cool water to a burn, an immediate relief to the frustration that had been building up.

Shouto's thrusting slowed to a gentle rocking, letting Katsuki swing freely back and forth. It made the vertigo even worse, his brain tumbling about as if it had come

loose in his head. Inside his chest, his lungs rocked with that same intensity, scrambling to catch up.

However, Katsuki had never been one to sit around and recover. With a wet gasp, he demanded, “Okay, get me down already. My legs are starting to cramp.”

“About that,” Shouto said behind him. “I never really got to practise the dismount part. I only know one way to undo the ropes.”

Before Katsuki could inquire, Shouto reached up with flaming fingertips and seared the ropes through. Katsuki didn’t even have time to cry out. He just crashed to the bed with a muted thump, the mattress catching him.

“You fucking dumbass,” he growled, even as Shouto seared through the remaining ropes binding his limbs. “I fucking hate you.”

Katsuki shook off the ropes like an otter twitching away the last dewy drops of moisture clinging to his hide. Then he rounded on Shouto, all snarls and fury. Confronted with the man still wearing that ridiculous outfit, it was a bit harder to stoke his temper.

Reaching out, Shouto grabbed his face and pulled him in for a soft kiss.

“No you don’t,” Shouto whispered back. “Now come

on, I'm fucked out."

Using his body weight, he dragged Katsuki down onto the bed, bundling him into a furry hug. Even now, he refused to take off that ludicrous outfit. However, Katsuki couldn't say he minded. It felt nice to curl up with his bunny boyfriend, slotting against this weird mistake of a man.

Shouto rubbed his nose into Katsuki's hair, mumbling affection even as he drifted off to sleep.

"Yeah," Katsuki agreed. "I love you, too, you weirdo. Sleep well."

The two fell asleep like that, tangled together and perfectly content.

a playboy confession

by greyedscale

It's been a long day of nothing but filling in form after form. It wasn't that Momo didn't enjoy some work—in fact, she found it quite soothing—but she really did wish Yuuei would have prepared her for the *reality* of heroing a bit more. It is with these idle musings that Momo enters the apartment she shares with her girlfriend while murmuring a soft *tadaima*.

"*Okaeri*, darling," lulls Saiko's voice from the bedroom.

Still in a daze from paperwork and scheduling, Momo sheds her coat and drops her purse by the door

before wandering towards the bedroom. The moment she opens the door and comprehends what she's looking at, her face flushes a deep red.

Half-leaning, half-sat on the bed is Saiko dressed in a Playboy bunny suit. The black silk caresses her breasts, begging for Momo to touch them. Momo's eyes rove over where the suit is pulled taut over Saiko's soft belly, following a downward trajectory to finally settle on the *modification* Saiko has made: a hole through which her luscious labia dangle. Momo swallows hard as her eyes dart around trying to find a safe target to look at. Her heart is beating so fast she can feel it in her ears.

"S-Saiko," she manages while unconsciously licking her lips. "What is . . . Why—what?"

Her girlfriend lets out a light chuckle before firmly but gently lifting Momo's chin to force eye contact.

"Do you remember what you admitted to me last week?" she purrs. "Why don't you come over here and unwrap your gift?" When had Saiko even walked over? Momo nods her head in a daze, closing her eyes to reboot her brain.

"Saiko," Momo calls softly as she stares at her girlfriend's . . . modification to the suit, "I can't believe you would ruin a perfectly good bunny suit like this."

greyedscale

Saiko simply grins sharply. “It’s for easy access; no matter how much you protest, I know how much you love staring at my cunt.”

There’s no way Momo could deny that without being untruthful. Momo clears her throat. “Well, if you insist on being so forward, why don’t we move to the bed so I can give my proper appreciation for your ever-so-thoughtful gift.”

Even *saying* such things makes Momo feel so embarrassed that her mouth aches, but, in the end, there is no refuting that seeing Saiko dressed up like a bunny stokes the fire deep in Momo’s gut, makes her wet enough to *not care* about how potentially embarrassing she’s being. Shaking her head, Momo shoves her embarrassment away and lets her overwhelming lust take over.

“C’mon, bunny,” Momo drawls as she walks towards the bed. “Let me prove my gratitude.”

Once Momo reaches the bed, she sits down and pats her lap. Saiko smiles goofily before smoothly making her way to Momo. However, right as Saiko steps into Momo’s embrace, the black-haired hero grasps the silky fabric at Saiko’s hips and flops onto her back, yanking Saiko with her. Saiko lets out a slight gasp as her body

pitches forward.

"I'm going to begin," Momo murmurs from underneath the other hero. With those words, she releases her grasp on Saiko, allowing the lavender-haired woman to properly sit on her face. She starts out slowly licking long, broad strips across Saiko's pussy, dipping her tongue further and further in with each stroke. At random intervals, she circles a finger around Saiko's clit in quick, staccato movements. Hearing her lover's pleased sighs, Momo takes the chance to mouth at Saiko's labia, gently giving small, rabbit-like nibbles. Saiko is a whole meal, and Momo intends to indulge.

"That's it, honeybun," Saiko encourages in between sharp gasps.

Momo feels a responding gush at the nickname and redoubles her efforts. She adds two fingers at once, basking in the surprised hitch of Saiko's breath. Soon enough, she's curling her fingers, searching for the spongy spot that would bring her girlfriend the most pleasure; simultaneously, she begins to both suck and tongue at Saiko's clit.

Idly, Momo thinks about how grateful she is that her hero training had taught her to multitask so well.

"Gwa, oo tay 'vine," Momo tries to say.

Between pants, Saiko pulls Momo's hair back to give herself a reprieve. "It's rude to talk with your mouth full, baby."

Momo whines in disappointment—either at the fact that Saiko did not call her honeybun again or at the fact that Saiko has deprived her of her "meal", Momo is not sure.

"I know, I know," Saiko coos, patting Momo on the head reassuringly. "You can continue as soon as you repeat your words. You know I don't like missing any of your beautiful, eloquent words, bunny." Saiko drags out the syllables of the last word, causing Momo to groan as her own pussy throbs.

Momo ducks her head a little bit, starting to feel a bit embarrassed from the sensation of Saiko's cooling juices on her face. "God, you taste divine," Momo finally repeats after a short pause.

"See, that wasn't too hard was it, bunny?" True to her nature, once Saiko found a weakness of Momo's, she refused to let it go, pressing and pressing to see how far she could push her—not that Momo was complaining. It made for some incredibly mind-blowing sex after all.

"Now, where did we leave off? Hmmm." Saiko pretends to be in deep thought despite the antsiness Momo

could see in her girlfriend, the way the older hero subtly shifts in air as if to grind down on Momo's face which was but inches away.

"That's right," Saiko exclaims cheerily, "My honey-buns was servicing me, wasn't she?"

Momo nods eagerly, nose inching tantalizingly close to Saiko's pussy, the smell of her arousal only making Momo even more eager to get back to eating her girlfriend out.

"Please, baby, can I continue?" Momo begs.

"Well, since you asked so nicely . . ." Saiko drops down so that her cunt is properly lined up with Momo's mouth once again. "Yes."

Momo lets out a sigh of contentment as she reacquaints herself with Saiko's lower lips.

Contrary to her earlier methodical exploration of Saiko's pussy, there's an urgency to the way Momo eats Saiko out this time. She works at Saiko's cunt with quick broad strokes building her girlfriend up while her left hand rubs frantic circles on Saiko's clit.

As a finishing move, Momo reaches up and yanks down the collar of the Playboy suit, smiling into Saiko's cunt as she starts to massage Saiko's breast, rolling her fat nipple between her fingers.

Momo knows Saiko's cumming when her girlfriend goes silent, aborted whimpers escaping her throat. Liquid gushes on Momo's face and a wave of satisfaction washes over her, an all-encompassing heat that feels like a high of its own encompasses Momo.

Soon enough, Saiko shifts over to lie down beside Momo on the bed, hand pulling Momo in for a wet kiss. Only, Momo can't stop smiling long enough for a real, deep kiss, the dopey satisfaction of pleasuring her girlfriend still permeating her whole being.

"So," Saiko whispers, "did you like your gift?"

Momo feels the heat rise to her face. "What'd you think?" she mumbles.

Saiko smirks as she leans in against Momo's ear, blowing against it ever so slightly. "So, the carrot soup was a good enough appetizer for today's dinner?"

Momo hits Saiko on the bicep lightly even as a goofy grin takes over her face. "Be quiet, Saiko."

"Aren't you glad you confessed your bunny kink to me, love?" Saiko continues to dig playfully.

"Oh no," Momo deadpans as she covers her ears with her hands, "suddenly, I am unable to hear an iota of sound."

Contrary to her words, she wiles the rest of her night

away listening to the tinkling of Saiko's giggles and soft, murmured conversation.

Yes, she is ever so glad she confessed.

Everything a Bunny Needs

by Honeygothic

Katsuki sighs as he opens the door to his apartment. It'd been a long, shitty day, made shittier by the fact that his soon-to-be hero partner is overseas on vacation and Katsuki is stuck with some shitty extra for patrol instead. Izuku's only been gone for a day and a half, and yet Katsuki's frustration is already through the roof with his replacement—a rookie hero who's too busy gawking at Katsuki to do her damn job.

Needless to say, Katsuki has been looking forward to the peace and quiet of his apartment all day.

But as always, life has other plans for Katsuki.

"Aww, look at you, you poor thing! Let Ochako take care of you, okay?"

Katsuki stares at his roommate as she coos over a small green furball held lovingly in her arms. She's sitting on the couch with the creature nestled into her chest, and Katsuki feels his mood, already teetering on the edge of an explosion, go nuclear.

"Cheeks, what the *fuck*? I thought we said no goddamn pets!"

Ochako looks up, startled. "Oh, Bakugou, I didn't hear you come in. And she's not a pet! She's a stray!"

Katsuki groans. "How the hell is that better?!"

Ochako ignores him. "I found her passed out outside our apartment building! This cute little thing was all alone so I nursed her back to health, and now she won't leave me alone. Isn't she just adorable?" She holds the animal out toward Katsuki, who can now see that it's a rabbit. It is, admittedly, cute—fluffy green fur and big black eyes that seem to be pleading with Katsuki to *please take care of me!*

Katsuki feels himself hesitate—but no, he's stronger than this. He can resist.

"We said no pets," he repeats. "You can't keep her."

Now it's Ochako's turn to turn the puppy-dog eyes on him, looking up at him through her lashes and sticking her bottom lip out in an exaggerated pout. It shouldn't be endearing, but it is. "But she's so cute! Besides, I've already named her. Isn't that right, Aina?" Ochako brings the bunny back to her chest, and Aina snuggles in again.

"Aina is a dumb name."

Ochako frowns at him. "It's sweet! It means 'love' and 'green' 'cause I love her and she's green!"

"Very creative," Katsuki scoffs.

"We're keeping her," Ochako insists. She's got a look of determination in her eyes, one rivaled only by Ka-

tsuki and Izuku.

Katsuki runs a hand through his hair, sighing. “Can’t we just, fuck, I don’t know, drop her off at the pound or something?”

“She’s a rabbit, not a dog! And besides, she likes me.” Ochako smiles at the little bunny, who nuzzles her nose. It’s heart-wrenchingly cute, and Katsuki feels his resolve waver. It doesn’t help that the little thing is *green*. Even the spots her whiskers come out of look like freckles. The resemblance is uncanny.

“Fine,” Katsuki relents. “But I swear to *God* Round Face, you’re the one who’s gonna have to take care of it, and keep it to your room. I’m not stepping in rabbit shit.”

And with that, Katsuki stalks off, trying to ignore the ache in his heart.

Stupid fucking Deku. Stupid fucking rabbit.

When Katsuki wakes up the next morning, he’s completely forgotten about the bunny.

That is, until he steps into their living room.

Pet supplies cover every square inch of their apartment. There’s a fancy wooden rabbit enclosure in one

corner and a crate in the other, and Ochako seems to have bunny-proofed the whole area. Cords are covered, their houseplants are gone, and there's a gate blocking off the entrance to the kitchen. Rabbit toys litter the floor.

"Cheeks. What the *fuck* is this?"

Ochako smiles sheepishly from where she's sitting on the floor, playing with Aina. "Um. I didn't know what to get, so . . . I got everything?"

Katsuki stares at the rabbit enclosure. It's got everything a rabbit would ever need and then some—for fuck's sake, there's even a tiny four-poster bed in there! What the hell! "How much did this cost?!"

"Um . . . a lot?"

Katsuki whips his head around to face Ochako. "What happened to the frugal chick I knew, huh?!"

"Well I make a lot of money as a pro-hero now! And Aina deserves the best!"

Katsuki resists the urge to tear his hair out in frustration. "I'm—you—" Katsuki checks his phone. "You know what, I don't have time for this. This had *better* all be moved to your room by the time I get back."

"Uh huh," Ochako says, not looking at him. She's gone back to playing with Aina, and Katsuki is pretty

sure she hasn't heard a word.

But Katsuki doesn't have time to stay and argue, so he leaves for work, fuming.

When Katsuki gets home from work, all the rabbit junk is *still fucking there*.

Katsuki opens his mouth to scream at Ochako—only to remember she's left for patrol. He wants to bash his head against the wall. There's bunny shit *everywhere*!

. . . Luckily, not literally, but Katsuki is pretty sure that will change soon.

Katsuki walks over to the enclosure, hoping Ochako had at least remembered to buy a litter box during her shopping spree, when the little bunny hops over to him. She stares up at him, twitching her nose . . . and then nuzzles her chin against his foot.

"Stop that," Katsuki mutters, but makes no move to shove her off. "You have no right bein' this cute, y'know that?"

Aina looks up at him again, then leans back on her hind legs and stands up, as if to say, *Pick me up, pick me up!* Katstuki frowns down at her. He's ready to tell her to fuck off and go sulk in his room, but . . . but . . .

But she's *so cute*.

"Ugh, *fine*," Katsuki groans, sitting down and scooping the fuzzy little thing into his arms. She begins to grind her teeth, nuzzling into Katsuki's chest.

"You're pretty affectionate, huh?" Katsuki muses. "I don't know shit about bunnies, but you're a prey animal. Shouldn't you be scared of me?"

Aina just chirps in response, snuggling close as Katsuki pets her.

"Huh, can you do tricks?" he wonders aloud. He sets the bunny down, and immediately she starts thumping her foot at him and making an angry grunting sound.

Katsuki can't help it—he snorts out a laugh. "What, you just want cuddles?" he teases. He reaches out to pet her, and Aina quickly hops into his lap, curling up there. "Hey!"

Aina stretches out on his lap, making herself comfortable. She doesn't seem to want to move anytime soon, so Katsuki sighs and accepts his fate.

"You're a needy one, y'know that?" He runs his fingers through the soft fur of her back, and reaches up to pet her ears. She twitches a bit, but allows it.

Katsuki doesn't know how much time passes, but soon he's on his back with little Aina perched on his

chest as he pets her lazily. It's so relaxing. He's so engrossed in her that he doesn't even notice the front door opening until it's too late.

"Hey, I'm ho—oh my *God*!" Ochako covers her mouth as she snorts.

Katsuki sits up quickly, cheeks heating. Aina hops off his chest with a little squeaking sound, but lands on her feet. "It's not—shut the fuck up!"

Ochako snickers into her fist. "You were cuddling with her!"

"I was not!"

"*You were,*" Ochako says through a laugh. "You two looked so cute! I wish I'd taken a picture."

Katsuki wonders how bad it would be if he strangled his roommate. The jail time seems almost worth it.

"But I'm glad you two are getting along!" Ochako continues, knocking Katsuki out of his murderous thoughts. "Now you can take care of her while I'm on patrol, and vice versa!"

"Oi, don't rope me into shit!"

But despite his protests, that's exactly what happens. Over the next week, Katsuki and Ochako take turns taking care of Aina. She's pretty easy, in all honesty, and nothing like what Katsuki reads bunnies are *supposed*

to be like, but he shrugs it off. He's never had a pet before, after all.

But still, it's strange. She's so clingy, and has the weirdest reactions to things. When Katsuki comes out of the shower one night, towel wrapped around his waist, Aina simply stares at him before running off to hide—even though she's never been afraid of him before. Two days later, Ochako runs into the living room in a panic, clad only in a bra and panties because Aina had passed out when she began to change—but then Aina's fine as soon as Ochako leaves and Katsuki starts taking care of her. When Katsuki tells her to sit, she sits. When Ochako tells her to jump, she jumps. Katsuki is pretty sure bunnies aren't supposed to do *any* of that.

But Katsuki doesn't have time to worry about any of that—he's got bigger issues at hand. Namely: Izuku hasn't texted him *once* since he went on vacation a week ago.

Katsuki frowns at his phone, flopping down on the couch. Aina's asleep in her little bed, and he finally has a moment to think. Most of his time has been spent taking care of her or researching bunnies, so he's admittedly been busy, but he's still found the time to reach out to his childhood friend. Why hasn't Izuku reached out

to *him*? He knows the nerd needs some downtime—the vacation was practically mandated by their agency because Izuku had been pushing himself too hard—but he doesn't even have time to fire off a text? Aren't they *friends* or whatever now?

The thought leaves a bitter taste in Katsuki's mouth. *Friends.* They're friends. And he loves that, he does. But . . .

He's jolted out of melancholy thoughts by Ochako walking into the room, sitting down beside him. She sneaks a peek at his phone. "Hasn't texted you either, huh?"

"Shut up," he snaps. "Ugh, I need a beer."

"Me *too*." Ochako sighs. "Get me one?"

"You're so lazy."

"You're the best roommate *ever*," she sing-songs as Katsuki sighs and goes to the fridge.

Several beers later, Ochako is whining into his shoulder. "I can't believe he won't text us!" she bemoans.

"You're so clingy," Katsuki says, rolling his eyes. He doesn't shrug her off, though.

"You're just as clingy!" Ochako accuses. "I saw you making sad-eyes at your texts with him!"

"I was not!"

Ochako sighs dramatically. "Y'know, part of the reason I got so attached to Aina was because she reminds me of Deku," she admits. She sways slightly. "I mean, she's green and cute, and so friendly! It's only been a week and I miss him."

Katsuki must be drunker than he thought, because he says, "Same."

Ochako snorts. "Yeah, I could've guessed." There's a brief moment of quiet, and then: "I still hold a candle for him, you know."

Katsuki chokes on his beer. "Wait, seriously?" His heart begins to pound.

"Yeah, but I don't stand a chance, cause of *you*," she says, stabbing a finger against his chest. She almost misses in her drunken haze.

"Pft, yeah right," Katsuki says, leaning back into the couch. The room is spinning a little, so he closes his eyes. "He doesn't see me like that. Doesn't matter that I've loved him ever since we were like, four—" Immediately Katsuki's eyes snap open. "Wait, did I just say that out loud?"

"Sure did!" Ochako snickers. "But it's okay. I get it." She leans her head against his shoulder. "Man, this sucks, huh? Both in love with a guy who'll never love

us back."

The truth of her words sting. "Yeah."

Ochako sits up suddenly, eyes wide. "Wait! I have an idea!" She spins around to face Katsuki. "We should hook up! To get over him!"

Sober Katsuki would shut her down. Sober Ochako would never suggest it.

But neither one of them is sober right now.

"That," Katsuki says with a grin, "is a *great* idea."

Her lips are on his before he even has a chance to think, and he's quickly lost in the sensation. It's a bit clumsy, but they're both drunk enough that it feels *great*, and when Katsuki slips his tongue inside her mouth she moans. He grabs her hips, pulling her into his lap and grabbing at her ass, groaning when she grinds down against him. He's hard faster than he expects, but he supposes it makes sense—it's not like Ochako isn't attractive. Maybe, were Izuku not in the picture, he might've even fallen for her.

He breaks their kiss only long enough to pull his shirt over his head, Ochako doing the same. He bites his lip to stifle a moan when he sees her bare chest—she's got perfect fucking tits, he'll tell you that much. He leans in to kiss and bite and suck at her nipples, and she

winds her hands into his hair and moans.

"F-fuck, Katsuki—"

Katsuki groans. Okay, her using his given name is *hot*. She reaches down with delicate hands to undo his belt, fumbling in her drunkenness—

That's when they hear a horrifying squeaking sound, almost like a scream.

They both freeze, whipping their heads around to find Aina sitting by her bed, staring at them and shaking like a leaf. Her whole body is vibrating and she's curled up on herself, and when Ochako reaches out a hand to her she bolts.

"Aina, wait!" Ochako cries, quickly scooping up her shirt and pulling it on over her head. It's inside-out, but she doesn't seem to notice or care, quickly running after the terrified little bunny. Katsuki does the same, not bothering to redo his belt or pull on his shirt, instead focusing on finding Aina.

When they find her, she's hiding under the kitchen table, somehow managing to have jumped the gate.

"C'mon Aina, come here!" Ochako coos, crouching down to meet her eye. Aina doesn't move—she just sits there shaking.

Katsuki frowns. "Hey, what's wrong?" He reaches

out a hand to Aina—

—who *bites* him.

"Ow, what the fuck!" She didn't bite hard enough to draw blood, but the message is loud and clear: *stay away*.

Ochako frowns. "Aina honey, are you okay?" The little bunny just whimpers, curling into a small, fluffy ball.

When Ochako reaches out to her, she darts away, quickly hopping out of the room and back into her enclosure. She curls up on her bed, facing away from the both of them.

"I think she's mad at us," Ochako says, and she looks close to crying.

"Why the fuck would she be mad at us?" Katsuki frowns. "There must be something wrong with her."

"Let's take her to the vet in the morning," Ochako says.

"We should take her now."

"It's 3 A.M. They're all closed right now, and we're both too drunk to drive. Let's just . . . get some sleep."

With that, Ochako leaves for her bedroom. With one last glance toward Aina, who is still huddled away, Katsuki makes his way to his own room, feeling

inexplicably guilty and *weird*. Like he'd somehow done something wrong.

He shakes it off, and goes to sleep.

Luckily, the next day is a day both Ochako and Katsuki have off. Aina is no better in the morning—avoiding them and whimpering when they get too close.

"Alright, we really need to get her to a fuckin' vet," Katsuki decides.

"How are we supposed to get her there when she won't even let us get close?" Ochako whines.

"Think like a hero, Cheeks. You take one side, I'll take the other."

Aina seems to understand their plan, because she quickly bolts from her position on the bed and runs out into the living room, darting around the room.

"Shit, she's fast!"

It's just as she's darting away from Katsuki and toward the couch that it happens.

A bright green *poof* of smoke fills the room, obscuring Katsuki's vision. He can hear Ochako coughing to his right, but he can't see anything—until the smoke clears.

And lo and behold, on the couch is Izuku Midoriya.

A very *naked* Izuku Midoriya.

For a moment, there is silence. Katsuki and Ochako stare at Izuku, whose eyes dart between the two of them. Then: screaming.

"What the—what the *fuck* just happened—"

"Oh my God, Deku, you're naked!"

"W-wait, I can explain!" Izuku sheepishly covers his junk. "But u-um, can I have a towel or something first?"

Acting on pure instinct, Katsuki rips off his t-shirt and tosses it to Izuku. Izuku's eyes go wide, but he throws the shirt over his lap anyway.

Katsuki points to Izuku. "Explain. Now."

"Wait, where's Aina?" Ochako cries. She's covering her eyes, but Katsuki can tell she's still peeking through them, staring very intently at Izuku's crotch.

"Um," Izuku begins. "I . . . I'm Aina?"

Ochako just stares at him. "I'm sorry, *what*?"

Izuku throws his head in his hands. "I—I'm sorry! The truth is, I got hit with a quirk on my way to the airport, and I turned into a rabbit, and I had *no idea* what to do because I knew no one would look for me since I was *supposed* to be on vacation so I went to you guys but I passed out but then you *found me* and then you

started taking care of me and you were both so *nice* and you didn't figure it out and—and—"

"Wait," Ochako starts. Her hands drop from her eyes. "You saw me in my underwear! I—you snuggled right up into my boobs!"

"Same!" Katsuki shouts.

"I know!" Izuku wails. "I'm *sorry*! I'm terrible, I *know*, I just love you both so much and—"

"Wait," Katsuki interrupts, speaking slowly. "You . . . love us?"

Izuku pales, but . . . Katsuki knows he's not one to back down. He takes a deep, steadying breath. "I do," he says, looking between the both of them. Then tears begin to prick at his eyes. "I'm so sorry. I know you both loved Aina so much—"

"Idiot." Katsuki shakes his head. His heart is pounding, and it feels like the world has shifted on its axis. *Izuku loves us. Izuku loves us.* "We loved Aina *because* she reminds us of you, you dork! Because we love you too!"

Izuku's eyes go wide, his cheeks tinging pink. "You . . . both of you?"

Ochako nods. "Yes, you dummy. Both of us."

"Oh," Izuku breathes. "*Oh.*"

For a moment, it's silent, the weight of Katsuki's words sinking in. Then the air begins to change, and it's suddenly all too apparent that Katsuki is shirtless and Izuku is still very much naked.

"I'm—" Izuku begins, mouth opening and closing like a fish. "I mean, I—"

Ochako marches up to him, placing her hands on either side of his face. "Deku, shut up," she demands.

Then, she kisses him.

It's not something he likes to admit, but Katsuki knows he's a jealous guy. He needs to be the best, to be number one in every way—so by all rights, seeing Ochako kiss the love of his life should be devastating to him. He should feel horrible—he should feel *angry*.

Instead, he feels something else.

Horny as hell.

Izuku seems startled, at first—then he melts into it, reaching up to cup her cheek. Katsuki watches as Ochako moans when Izuku slips her some tongue, and all of a sudden there is a *very* pressing problem to be dealt with in his pants.

Ochako pulls back, panting. Then she turns to Katsuki with a smirk. "Well? Are you really going to be outdone by me?"

Katsuki lets himself grin back. “Fat fucking chance, Round Face!”

He’s probably way too eager in the way he practically runs over to Izuku, but whatever. All that matters to him in that moment is getting his hands on his nerd.

Izuku looks at him with half-lidded eyes, panting just slightly.

Must’ve been one hell of a kiss, Katsuki thinks. But that doesn’t matter. He’s not going to let Ochako show him up.

He crawls onto the couch beside Izuku, running his hand up his thigh. Izuku shivers, and Katsuki quickly tosses away the t-shirt that protected the little modesty his childhood friend had left.

“H-hey!”

“What, gettin’ shy now, *I-zu-ku*?” Katsuki drawls. He leans over Izuku until he’s flat on his back with Katsuki over him, caging him in with an arm on either side of his head. “Didn’t seem too bashful when your tongue was down Cheeks’ throat earlier.”

Izuku bites his lip. “Well, she’s a good kisser.”

Katsuki smirks down at him. “Well, I’m better.”

“Hey!” Ochako whines from somewhere to his left—but Katsuki ignores her in favour of slotting his

lips against Izuku's.

It's electric, like every nerve ending is on fire. He feels the kiss all the way down to his toes, and he moans as Izuku winds his hands into Katsuki's hair, kissing him breathless. He'd imagined this kiss a thousand times, but nothing could ever live up to the real thing—even if they *do* have an audience.

Speaking of which . . . "You gonna get in here, Cheeks, or is he all mine now?" Katsuki flashes her a wild grin.

Ochako takes it for the challenge it is. "Bedroom. Now."

Izuku nods rapidly. "Please."

They all scramble to get to Katsuki's room, half tripping over stupid fucking rabbit toys on the way. But they make it to his room in one piece, and Katsuki quickly begins to undo his belt.

Ochako rolls her eyes. "Eager, much?"

"Just evening the playing field," Katsuki says, tossing his jeans off to the side.

Izuku, sprawled out on Katsuki's bed like he belongs there (he does), pouts. "Less talking, more touching."

Katsuki can't help but grin at him. "What, is our little bunny just that eager to get fucked?" he teases.

Izuku turns a brilliant shade of red. “I’m not—”

“Not a bunny? Or not eager to get fucked?” Katsuki stalks over to Izuku. “‘Cause I’m pretty sure both are true.”

Ochako, who’s gotten down to just her underwear, suddenly lights up. “Wait a minute!” she says, then bolts out the door.

Katsuki and Izuku look at each other, blinking in confusion.

“Um—”

“Oi, Round Face, what the hell do you think you’re doing?!”

It doesn’t take very long to find out, though, because Ochako is soon scampering back into the room with a few items in her arms. She dumps them on the bed. “Ta-da!”

On the sheets lie two items—a headband with black, velvet bunny ears, and a matching butt plug with a fuzzy bunny tail attached to the end.

“Mina gave them to me for my birthday,” she explains sheepishly. “But I’ve never used them.” She turns her stare to Izuku, devious. “But I bet our little bunny here would look *great* in them.”

Izuku gulps, eyes wide. “M-me?”

Ochako smirks. “Who else?”

“Well, you heard the woman,” Katsuki says. He walks over to his bedside drawer, pulling out some lube. Ochako takes the opportunity to slip the bunny ears onto his head, and Izuku blushes. “Let’s get you all dolled up.”

Katsuki squirts some lube onto the plug, slicking it up nicely before walking back over to Izuku and wrenching his legs apart. “Be a good little bunny, will you?”

Izuku nods, swallowing thickly. “Yes, Kacchan.”

When Katsuki slips the plug inside, Izuku gasps, but it’s quickly swallowed by Ochako’s mouth. She’s crawled up onto the bed beside him, making out with him lazily as she strokes his cock. Katsuki slides the plug in and out, brushing against Izuku’s sweet spot a few times just to watch him squirm. Finally, he settles the plug in deep, letting the fluffy tail sit flush against Izuku’s pert ass.

“S-stop teasing,” Izuku begs, moaning as Ochako twists her wrist just so.

“Mmm, I don’t think we will,” Katsuki says, climbing onto the bed between Izuku’s legs. He leans up to kiss him again, devouring his mouth with his tongue. Izuku

groans, kissing back with just as much intensity as Katsuki is giving.

When Katsuki pulls back, he begins to pepper kisses down Izuku's body until he reaches Izuku's dick. Without breaking eye contact, he licks a stripe up the side, earning him a gasp.

"Oh," Ochako breathes. "I wanna do that, too."

"Then hurry the hell up and get down here, Cheeks."

She does, crawling down the bed until she can leave sloppy kisses along the other side of Izuku's cock. Izuku moans, winding one hand in Ochako's hair and the other in Katsuki's as they kiss and suck at his length. It's bigger than Katsuki expected—a *lot* bigger, to the point that he might actually be bigger than Katsuki. It should piss him off, but all it does is make him even hornier.

"Please," Izuku begs again, voice breathy with want. "Please—"

"So demanding," Ochako teases. She laves her tongue around the tip, suckling gently—before sinking down, inch by inch.

"Ah!" Izuku cries out.

Katsuki pulls back. He's a little pissed he was ousted—he was very much enjoying lavishing attention on Izuku's cock—but . . .

But Ochako blowing Izuku is *hot*.

She bobs her head up and down lazily, like she's not trying to get him off so much as she's just enjoying herself. What she can't fit in her mouth she jerks off with her hand, so small compared to Izuku's dick. It's an absolute sight to behold, and Katsuki can't help but reach a hand down and pump his cock a few times, just to take the edge off. Then she begins to move faster, bringing Izuku closer and closer to his peak.

"Ohhh fuck," Izuku moans, throwing his head back. "Fuck, 'Chako, I—I'm—"

Katsuki grabs the back of Ochako's head, pulling her up and off Izuku's stupidly big cock. "*Not yet,*" he says. Then, before he can second guess himself, he pulls her into a kiss.

Ochako lets out a little *eep!* of surprise, but soon she relaxes into it, licking at the seam of his lips until he lets her inside. He groans. Kissing Ochako sober is *much* better than kissing Ochako drunk.

Izuku whines, and they break apart. He looks up at them with pleading eyes, the bunny ears on his head sightly off-kilter. It has no right being as sexy as it is. "You said you were going to fuck me, didn't you?"

Katsuki grins at him. "Anything for you, baby."

Izuku shivers at the nickname, and Katsuki files that information away for later. Because there *will* be a later—Katsuki isn't letting Izuku slip through his and Ochako's fingers ever again.

Katsuki peels off his boxer briefs, throwing them somewhere to the side as Ochako takes the opportunity to undo her bra and slip out of her panties. Izuku's eyes go wide, and they dart between Ochako's chest and Katsuki's cock, like he can't decide which one to look at.

Katsuki smirks. "Like what you see?"

Izuku nods quickly. "Can—can I—"

Ochako grabs Izuku's hand, pressing it up against her chest, and then moves Izuku's other hand to Katsuki's cock. Izuku bites his lip, squeezing gently at Ochako's chest and pumping Katsuki with his other hand. All three of them moan.

Katsuki doesn't consider himself a very patient man, so it's only natural that this is the moment that snaps his composure. "*Fuck,*" he hisses as Izuku twists his wrist at the head of Katsuki's cock, slowly moving his hand up and down. He watches as Izuku thumbs at Ochako's nipple, and Katsuki decides he needs to be inside Izuku *right the fuck now*.

Katsuki reaches down and eases out the plug, Izuku

gasping as he does so. But Katsuki doesn't let him mourn the loss—he quickly replaces the plug with his fingers, scissoring Izuku open. Normally he'd take his time, but he's been on edge for far too long to do anything but ready Izuku for his cock.

Luckily, Izuku seems to love it anyway, if the rock-hard cock between his legs is any indication. Katsuki entertains the idea of riding him for a moment, of forgoing fucking Izuku to get fucked *by* him instead—but he saves that idea for later. Right now, Izuku wants to be fucked—and Katsuki won't be the one to deny him. Especially not when Katsuki wants to fuck him just as bad.

Katsuki slides his fingers out, and he doesn't miss the little whine Izuku gives when he does so. "Easy, little bunny," he coos, lining his cock up with Izuku's hole. Ochako bites her lip, leaning over to get a good look. Izuku's hand has dropped down from her chest, disappearing between her legs instead—and when Katsuki spares a glance he sees that Izuku is fingering her, Ochako's legs shaking just slightly.

Katsuki wants to slam inside Izuku all at once, to steal his attention and make him scream—and Katsuki is an asshole, so that's exactly what he does.

And Izuku *does* scream, tapering off into a high-pitched moan when Katsuki bottoms out. "*Kacchan!*" he cries out, tightening down around Katsuki's cock. It takes everything in Katsuki to avoid coming right then and there—Izuku is so *tight* and *wet*, and he looks so beautiful with his head thrown back against Katsuki's pillows.

Ochako moans too like *she's* the one getting fucked. "Oh my *God* that's hot." She moves so that Izuku's fingers slip out of her, swinging one leg over Izuku's hips so she can straddle him. She looks back over her shoulder and grins at Katsuki. "But you're not going to win so easily."

Then, she begins to sink down on Izuku's cock.

Izuku lets out a choked-off moan as Ochako takes him inch by inch, slowly sliding down until she's flush against his hips. When she's settled she lets out a pleased sigh, throwing her head back onto Katsuki's shoulder.

"*Oh*, you feel *good*," she moans out to Izuku.

"So do you," Izuku gasps. "Both of you do, I—move, *please*!"

Katsuki pulls out almost entirely before slamming back inside, setting a brutal pace. He'd like to take it slow, take his time teasing Izuku—but his little bunny

just looks so *good* like this, whining and moaning and shaking against the sheets, that Katsuki can't help himself.

Ochako takes the hint and starts riding Izuku like there's no tomorrow, taking him like a champ. She braces her hands on his chest, using the leverage to fuck herself up and down on Izuku's cock. It's a sight to behold, and soon they manage a steady, fast-paced rhythm, taking apart Izuku piece by piece.

"Oh God," Izuku chokes out, hands finding Ochako's hips. "Kacchan, Ochako, *don't stop*!"

"Wasn't planning on it," Katsuki manages. He angles his hips a bit more, looking for just the right spot—

"*Ah!*" Izuku screams.

"There we go," Katsuki says with a grin. He adjusts his body so he's dragging along Izuku's prostate with every thrust, and then, 'cause he's a nice guy, reaches around and starts to rub at Ochako's clit.

"Oh fuck," she moans. She twitches in Izuku's hold, like she can't decide if she wants to fuck down on his cock or thrust forward into Katsuki's hand. Katsuki makes the decision for her, using his free hand to grab her hip and slam her down onto Izuku's dick, all the while rubbing in fast circles between her legs. "*Fuck!*"

"Look at you two," Izuku breathes. "You're perfect. I love you, I love you so much—"

Katsuki grins down at him. "We love you too," he says, speeding up both his hips and the hand between Ochako's legs. Katsuki is embarrassingly close, but like hell he's coming first.

Ochako speeds up herself, bouncing on Izuku's cock and moaning like a bitch in heat. All the while Izuku just lays there and *takes it*, unable to even thrust up into Ochako's cunt because his two lovers are pinning him down. He moans, fingers intertwining with Katsuki's where they both grip Ochako's hip.

"I'm so close," Ochako cries out. "Izuku, Katsuki, *please*—"

She comes with a scream, shaking as she rides out her orgasm. Katsuki keeps his fingers moving through it until she twitches away from his hand from the over-stimulation, whining.

Below her, Izuku looks close to tears. "Please," he begs. "Please, I want to come!"

Ochako pants heavily, dragging her nails down his chest. She rolls her hips. "Then come for us, little bunny."

Katsuki moves both hands to Ochako's hips, helping

her move up and down as Katsuki fucks into Izuku—and it only takes a few more thrusts before Izuku is coming, mouth hanging open in a silent shout as he fills Ochako to the brim. He looks angelic like this, velvet bunny ears flopping onto the pillows and freckled cheeks flushed pink.

Ochako rolls off of Izuku, sighing contentedly as she snuggles up into his side. Katsuki moves to pull out, content to finish himself off with his hand—

—but then Izuku wraps his legs around his waist, stopping him.

"Kacchan," he whines. "Come on."

Katsuki looks at Izuku incredulously. "You're seriously not satisfied? Are you really such a slutty little bunny that you need to come *again*?"

Izuku shakes his head. "No, I can't yet, just—I want you to come too." He tightens his hold around Katsuki's waist, blushing even harder. "Inside. Please."

Holy shit. "You're going to be the death of me," Katsuki says with an awed chuckle. Then he grabs each of Izuku's thighs with one hand, presses them down to his chest, and pounds into him.

"*Kacchan!*" Izuku cries out. He must be overwhelmed right now, to have Katsuki fucking him right

after he's come—but he only looks wonderfully blissed out, spent cock twitching on his stomach.

Ochako watches intently where Katsuki disappears inside Izuku, head pillowed on Izuku's chest. She bites her lip.

Katsuki can't pay attention to that, though—he's too distracted by the feeling of Izuku wrapped around him, of the look in his eyes when he begs for *more, please, Kacchan!*

Katsuki's going to come. He's teetering right on the edge, so he leans down and kisses Izuku—a sweet, desperate, messy kiss, full of love and longing and everything Katsuki can't put into words.

He comes with a shout, muffled by Izuku's mouth, slamming in balls-deep and coming like a goddamn fountain. He feels euphoric, the orgasm hitting him all the way to the tips of his toes, and he's almost unsteady on his feet when he pulls out of Izuku and flops down beside him.

Katsuki cuddles into Izuku's other side, throwing his arm over Izuku and Ochako both. They all pant in the aftermath for a moment, letting themselves bask in the afterglow, before Izuku tentatively clears his throat.

"Kacchan. Ochako," he says quietly. "I . . . I want

this."

"No shit," Katsuki snorts. "Who wouldn't want sex that good?"

Ochako smacks him on the arm, but can't hide her grin.

"No, I don't mean the sex—I mean the sex was *amazing*, but . . . I mean I want *you*," he admits. "Both of you."

Ochako lifts her head up to look Izuku in the eyes. "You mean be our boyfriend? Both of us?"

Izuku nods, blushing slightly. He looks scared, almost, like he's worried that either of them would say no. "I know—well I mean I guess I don't know, but I'd get it if you're not okay with me dating both of you at the same time, but I care about you so much and—"

"Deku," Ochako says with a frown. "What makes you think we wouldn't be okay with that? I just want to be with you, you dummy. I don't care about the rest."

"Thanks," Katsuki says drily.

Ochako pats his head. "There, there."

"You're really okay with it?" Izuku asks. Ochako nods. Izuku turns to Katsuki with questioning eyes. "And you, Kacchan?"

Izuku's looking at him like Katsuki has his heart in

his hands—like Katsuki could crush it into pieces if he so pleases. But Katsuki has no intention of doing so—not ever again.

"I guess I could be convinced to share," he says. He looks over to Ochako with a smirk. "At least she's a good lay."

Ochako opens her mouth—probably to say something unnecessarily sassy—but then Izuku laughs, loud and happy. He looks at both of them with stars in his eyes, like his wildest dreams have just come true. Maybe they have. "I love you guys, you know," he says, tears beginning to prick at the corner of his eyes.

"You're such a sap, you dumb bunny," Katsuki says with a sigh—but he lays his head on Izuku's chest again anyway. He looks across to Ochako, who smiles at him. He lets himself smile back. ". . . And we love you, too."

Afterword

by aavocado

I'm sorry, this isn't a secret bonus fanfiction. It's actually me, Mod *aavocado*, talking some more (but less this time, I promise). You've reached the end of our ficbook. We hope it gave you happiness!

Are you yearning for more content? Check out our writers information on the next page to find more of their work!

Thank you for joining us on our bunny journey!

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Content Warnings

Luck by izukusbones

Bakugou Katsuki/Midoriya Izuku, Misunderstanding, Future Fic, Pregnant Rescue Pet, Pet Adoption, Rabbit Birth, Naming Baby Bunnies

A Bun and His Son Go to the Theme Park by aavocado

Kaminari Denki & Kaminari's Four-Year-Old Son, Rabbit Transformation Quirk, Future Fic, Hero Theme Park, Anxiety, Quirk Manifestation, Accidental Transformation, Nonsexual Nudity

Everything Was Beautiful, and Nothing Hurt by bunnyfly

Aizawa Shouta | Eraserhead & Shigaraki Tomura | Shimura Tenko, Canon Divergence AU, Blind Retired Pro Hero Aizawa, Troubled Young Rabbit Hybrid

Shigaraki, Support Pet Shigaraki, Hybrid Adoption, PTSD, Panic Attack

smells as sweet by greyedscale

Tatsuma Ryuuko | Ryuukyuu/Usagiyama Rumi | Mirko, Omegaverse, Alpha/Alpha, Cis Characters, Alpha Women Have Cocks & Vaginas, Cunnilingus, Oral Sex, Vaginal Sex, Top Mirko, Begrudging Buttom Ryuukyuu, Bunny-Tail-In-Mouth Sex

A Perfect Fit by Aravis

Bakugou Katsuki/Kirishima Eijirou, Bakugou Katsuki/Kirishima Eijirou/Midoriya Izuku, Hybrid Sanctuary AU, Human Midoriya, Hybrid-Keeper Midoriya, Voyeur-Turned-Participant Midoriya, Wolf Kirishima, Hare Bakugou, Cis Characters, Dubcon, Human-Hybrid Intercourse, Size Difference, Threesome, Fingering, Sex Toys, Oral Sex, Anal Sex, Top Kirishima, Switch Bakugou, Bottom Midoriya, Knotting, Overstimulation, Piss Kink, Marking/Biting/Scratching, Possessive Behaviour

How to Be a Good Bunny by aavocado

Usagiyama Rumi | Mirko/Yaoyorozu Momo, Future Fic,

Dating App, Kink Exploration, Hand Jobs, Bondage, Anal Sex, Sex Toys, Nonbinary Mirko, Trans Yaomomo, Pet Names, Bossy Bottom Yaomomo, Service Top Mirko, Bunny Kink, Yaomomo Wears the Bunny Suit, Piss Kink

Dirty Bunny by Lilleeboi

Iida Tenya/Hitoshi Shinsou, Hybrid Clinic AU, Rabbit Hybrid Iida, Veterinary Assistant Iida, Rabbit Hybrid Shinsou, Troubled Patient Shinsou, Coercion, Dubcon, Cis Characters, Anal Sex, Piss Kink, Top Shinsou, Bottom Iida

Rope Boy Bimbo by Yurusarenai

Bakugou Katsuki/Todoroki Shouto, Future Fic, Himbo Todoroki, Trans Todoroki, Cis Bakugou, Shibari, Under-Negotiated Kink, But They Have a Good Fine Time Regardless, Todoroki Wears the Bunny Suit, Top Todoroki, Bottom Bakugou, Oral Sex, Strap-on, Anal Sex

a playboy confession by greyedscale

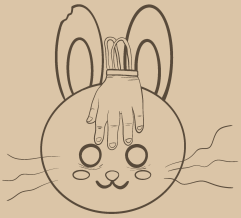
Intelli Saiko/Yaoyorozu Momo, Future Fic, Cis Characters, Bunny Kink, Intelli Wears the Bunny Suit,

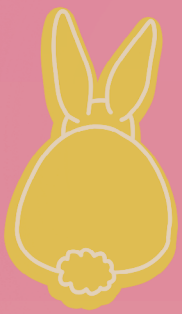
Bunnies!

Cunnilingus, Oral Sex, Top Intelli, Bottom Yaomomo, Pet Names

Everything a Bunny Needs by Honeygothic

Bakugou Katsuki/Midoriya Izuku/Uraraka Ochako, Future Fic, Accidental Transformation, Temporary Rabbit Midoriya, Pet Adoption, Distressed Animal, Nudity, Love Confessions, Threesome, Kissing, Cis Characters, Mild Pet Play, Midoriya Wears the Bunny Suit, Oral Sex, Hand Jobs, Anal Sex, Fingering, Vaginal Sex, Top Bakugou, Switch Midoriya, Bottom Uraraka





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"Bunnies! is filled with quality content that is my exact taste!"
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